PRIVATE EYE
80p
. 817
iday
April '93

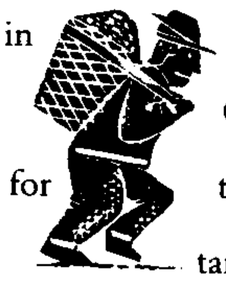
GRAND NATIONAL

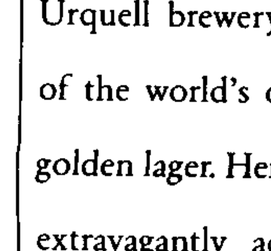
MARTELL COGNAC GRAND NATIONAL

BRITAIN'S DAY OF SHAME

MARTELL COGNAC GRAND NATIONAL

HOP, HOP, HOP,
HOORAY!

Zatec is a sprawling region of hidden valleys and rolling hills in deepest Bohemia. Two mountains shelter the area thereby creating a clement climate. The soil is rich in iron and is comprised essentially of clay and sandstone. Zatec, pronounced 'Shateck', is where the most sought-after hops in  the world are grown. Conditions are perfect for the hops to be high in tannins, high in resins, and oozing with aromatic essential oils. The hops are pampered with an eccentric amount of love and attention. In fact a few weeks before harvesting it is customary for these fragrant blossoms to be affectionately caressed. About one hundred kilometres south-east of Zatec lies the famous old Pilsner Urquell brewery: home of the world's original golden lager. Here, our master brewers extravagantly add these superlative hops three times during decoction mashing; thus ensuring a full flavour and emphatic aroma. A plethora of modern-day Pilsener lager brewers have followed our lead by including Zatec hops in their recipes, too.



However, these bandwagoneers appear content to add the hops only once, maybe twice, during their decoction. Perhaps you may find it prudent to take a little Czechoslovakian advice, and tell them all to hop it!

Pilsner Urquell

AMSTRAD WP AND PRINTER

AMSTRAD PCW 8256, Complete word processor; 256K CPU, 14" monitor, dot matrix printer and Locoscript software.
LIST PRICE £349.

£199 + VAT

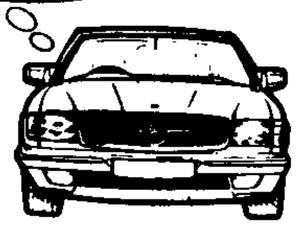
Morgan Computer Co.
64-72 NEW OXFORD STREET, WC1. 071-255 2115
179 TOTTENHAM COURT ROAD, W1. 071-636 1138
BIRMINGHAM STORE, CALL 021-452 1141
MANCHESTER STORE, CALL 061-237 1111

BRING HERITAGE AND HISTORY TO LIFE.
Henry V... Agincourt
Bravery, chivalry and victory. Rediscovered Henry V.

Introductory Special Offer
First 500 Only
HEAVY DUTY T-SHIRT
LARGE OR XL
£11.95
(INC. P & P)
OVERSEAS ORDERS £14.95

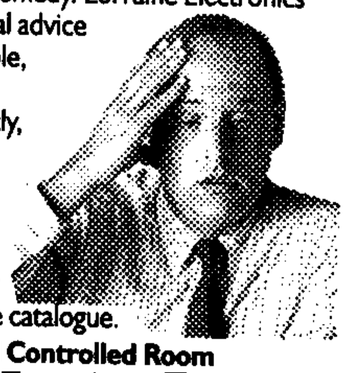
Access VISA
0903 742451 1415
PLEASE ALLOW 28 DAYS FOR DELIVERY. CHEQUES AND PO's TO: SUSSEX ARTEFACTS, PO BOX 1066, STORRINGTON, WEST SUSSEX. RH20 4YH

My best friends are in Beaconsfield



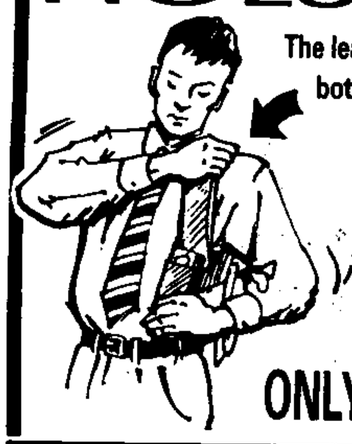
35 Minutes from the West End
HUGHES OF BEACONSFIELD
APPOINTED DEALER Mercedes-Benz
(0494) 672141

DISCREET
SURVEILLANCE EQUIPMENT ENDS UNCERTAINTY!
Whether it's commercial or personal, disloyalty can have catastrophic results. Fortunately there is now a remedy. Lorraine Electronics provide personal advice that's dependable, reliable and more importantly, discreet.
You can write or telephone in confidence for advice or simply to request a free catalogue.



■ UHF Crystal Controlled Room and Telephone Transmitters ■ Transmitting Pens and Calculators ■ Body Wires and Wire Taps ■ Radio and Computer Controlled Systems ■ Specialist Receivers & Recorders ■ Recording and Transmitting Briefcases ■ Counter Surveillance equipment.
LORRAINE ELECTRONICS SURVEILLANCE
081-558 4226
716 Lea Bridge Road, London E10 6AW
PROTECTING YOUR BEST INTERESTS
11/2550

THE Phone HOLSTER



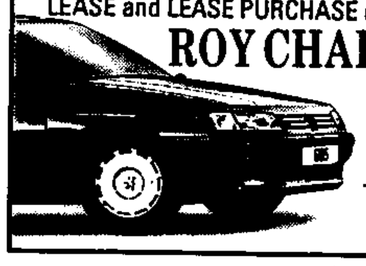
The leather holster holds both phone and spare battery. It can be worn either attached to waist belt (not supplied) or shoulder strap.
ONLY £14.95 INC. POST

ALBERT THURSTON
TEL: 0533 627515
3 FROG ISLAND
LEICESTER LE3 5AG

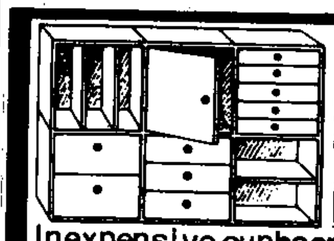
ATTENTION!
BUSINESS USERS EXCLUSIVELY
Compare our prices and you'll see why you can't go anywhere else.

NEW	
Peugeot 106 1.0i Plus	£155.49
Peugeot 309 1.4i Style	£177.87
Citroen ZX Reflex 1.9 Diesel 5-Door	£222.00
Peugeot 405 GLD Turbo 1.9 Estate	£268.66
Citroen XM 2.0i Saloon	£399.50
EX-FACTORY EXECUTIVE CARS	
Peugeot 605 SRi Automatic	£270.75
Peugeot 405 GL 1.6 Saloon 'K' Reg	£247.69
Peugeot 405 GL 1.6 Saloon	£205.77

The above figures relate to a 3-year term, with full maintenance, through the National Contract Hire Network. We can also offer FINANCE LEASE and LEASE PURCHASE on all models.



ROY CHAPMAN LTD
Telephone: (0494) 792222
Fax: (0494) 791318
Please contact Barry Lynn



CUBES SHELVING TRESTLES DESKS ETC
Inexpensive cupboards, record units drawers, wardrobes & shelf systems beech, white, black for home or work
Mail-order catalogue or visit us at
CubeStore 58 Pembroke Road W8
081-994 6016 (24hrs) also in Suffolk

WALLS DO HAVE EARS!
SURVEILLANCE AND COUNTER SURVEILLANCE
Do you know that these and many more office items can easily be bugged.
TELEPHONES
CALCULATORS
BRIEFCASE
ELECTRICAL WALL SOCKETS
RADIOS, PENS etc

ESKAN
TEL: 071-278 1768
168 CALEDONIAN ROAD
LONDON N1 OSG
PHONE FOR CATALOGUE

Which UNSPOILT GREEK ISLAND

SKYROS Unspoilt. Remote. Lovely beaches.
ASTYPALEA Spectacular white hill-top town in an azure setting. Totally undiscovered.
LEROS Lovely rolling green hills. Unspoilt. Quiet coves and beaches. An island to explore.
NISSYROS Flowers. Amazing lush vegetation surrounds a still smouldering volcano.
SPETSES Pine clad secluded bays, varied watersports, azure seas, lively nightlife.
TILOS Remote, tranquil, serene beauty.
SKIATHOS Cosmopolitan. Beautiful beaches, fun. Watersports galore. Fantastic nightlife.
SKOPELOS Stunning verdant scenery. Good beaches. Traditional. Friendly tavernas, local nightlife.
HALKI Magical, charming, unspoilt. Friendly
ALONISSOS Idyllic harbourside setting. Quiet.
KALYMNOS The Sponge Fishers island. Sheltered sandy bays. Friendly and very Greek.
SYMI Undiscovered, unspoilt, unbelievably beautiful .... for lovers. Traditional island houses.

QUALITY SELF-CATERING VILLAS & APARTMENTS ON THE LESSER KNOWN TRADITIONAL ISLANDS
It's all in our amazingly honest brochure
062 982 4881 (24hrs) Sunday 10.30 - 5pm
ATOL 1424 ABTA 39570
LASKARINA LTD Holidays AITO
The Specialist Tour Operators to Greece

Bungy Jump for Oxfam

XFAM
BUNGY

A special weekend package to France – jumping in the safest environment with the best professional guidance.
Now taking bookings for April to October 1993
For further information:
Call 0865 313466
or write to Oxfam, 274 Banbury Rd. Oxford OX2 7DZ

Gnome

GOOD FRIDAY marks the first anniversary of John Major's victory in the General Election.

And I intend to make sure people understand that it *is* a good Friday.

Along with some other sympathetic friends of the Prime Minister, I am determined to make the public realise what a positive year it has been in the life of the nation.

At the instigation of the PM's press secretary we are all coming up with a list of "Three Main Achievements" of this Government.

These media-friendly bite-sized points are then being fed to the press to counter all the negative propaganda about the economy, the pits, Maastricht, VAT, the NHS, the core curriculum and so on.

Although technically secret I am so confident of the success of this operation that I am releasing the list at once.

Those Three Major Achievements in Full:

1. Well...
2. Er...
3. That's it.

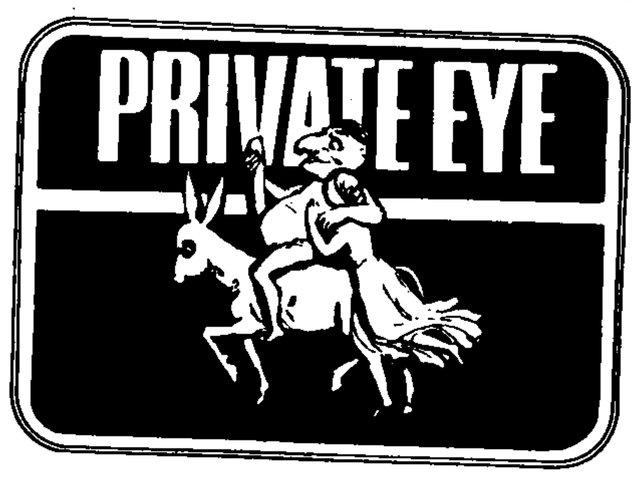
E. Strobes
pp Lord Gnome
The Friends of John Major
c/o The Phone Box
Oxford Street
London W1

PRIVATE EYE

6 Carlisle Street, London W1V 5RG.
071-437 4017. Fax: 071-437 0705.

SUBSCRIPTION RATES

£15 per annum. Europe and Eire £22
Elsewhere: Surface £22 Air £28
Cheques/POs to Private Eye
Access/Visa
Private Eye Subscriptions
Mortimer House, 230-236 Lavender Hill,
London SW11 1LE — 071-228 0588
Fax: 071-924 3719



COLOUR SECTION

MISCHIEVOUS types in the racing industry regard the Grand National fiasco as a fitting comeuppance for the big three betting firms — Coral, Ladbroke and William Hill — and their close relationship with the government.

Though few political contributions are declared in the big three's company accounts, the coffers of the Tory party are generously filled each election year by substantial "personal contributions" from the betting industry.

But there is no such thing as a free political contribution, and the betting giants were quick to demand their *quid pro quo*. They insisted, almost as soon as the Major government was reelected a year ago, on a change in the rules so that betting shops can stay open until all hours.

Almost everyone affected by this rule change was against it. In huge numbers betting shop managers and on-course bookies protested vigorously. Even the police recommended that bookies' shops open at night were not the best possible guarantee of public order. The shops themselves didn't see why their managers and workers should work overtime (for no extra reward), and the racecourses reckoned, rightly, that fewer people would go to the races if still more access was afforded to the betting shops.

Confronted with this formidable display of opinion, Kenneth Clarke, home secretary, a minister who like all of them has to keep a finger on the pulse of Tory party finances, decided boldly to ignore it and give the betting companies and their shareholders what they wanted.

How much the companies will benefit is not yet clear. What is clear (and what is causing hearty chuckles) is that the firms and the government have lost many million pounds more from the glorious cock-up at Aintree than they could ever hope to have gained from the sweating of the betting shops.

EVER SINCE the debacle over Norman Lamont and his unpaid Access bill, Inland Revenue bigwigs have been nagging the government about the security perils of privatising large sections of the tax system.

Although their fears have been brushed aside, two recent "cost-cutting" measures have caused even more alarm.

The first is the contracting out of the printing and posting of tax codes for the new tax year. This contract has gone to McVities.

The second is the hiring of a direct mailing organisation to fill and post envelopes with PAYE documents to tens of thousands of employers. Somehow, important forms have been left out of almost every mailing. One employer's name has been matched with an address of an entirely unrelated company.

No inquiry has been set up to find out how much money has been wasted, nor who should be held responsible. But the bill for "performance-related" pay for the geniuses who thought up the PAYE wheeze is growing by the hour.

None of this has had anything like the publicity afforded to Mr Major's taxpayer's charter.

TARMAC, the government's favourite contractor, has found a new way to deal with those protesting at the driving of a six-lane motorway through Twyford Down near Winchester.

On 25 March, mounds of chalk from the down were dumped on the steps of 2 Cornwall Terrace, the elegant building opposite Regents Park. The protestors were promptly confronted by a smart-looking gent with a posh accent who told them "Tarmac moved from here two weeks ago". The protestors, confused by the old City saying "My word is my bond", duly left. One of them, an hour later, had his doubts and rang the building. He was greeted with the curious response: "Tarmac Construction Ltd. Can I help you?"

"At least it isn't the Grand National"

NEWS that talks between Virgin's Richard Branson and British Airways have broken down is causing anxiety in at least one section of BA, where it is ardently hoped that Branson will not release to the public a sworn statement from a young woman whose boyfriend once worked as a BA engineer in Japan.

The engineer apparently warned his girlfriend not to travel on Virgin jets from Japan which were then being maintained by BA engineers. She asked why, and was so shocked by her boyfriend's reply that she flew home by BA and immediately told Richard Branson.

Her sworn statement is still in Branson's safe, together with a letter from a BA director to engineering staff in Japan. It is said that these two documents, if released, could cause a bit of a storm in the already embarrassed BA boardroom. (If Richard Branson wants someone to publish them, he has only to phone the *Eye*.)

WHAT HAS happened, meanwhile, to the former British Airways dirty tricks supremo and ex-Orange militant, David Burnside?

Could he be advising his trusted comrade of former years, David Montgomery, now chief executive of Mirror Group Newspapers? Burnside is no stranger to the *Mirror*. He used to be a director of the *European* when Maxwell founded it, and provides a useful bridge of experience between the Montgomery regime at the *Mirror* and the Maxwell regime from which Montgomery is always trying to distance himself.

The Sun

THERE'S nothing like a crusade — and the *Sun* has been having a field day over TV executives it suspects of being unsound about the IRA.

Alan Yentob was harangued on its front page two days running (FURY AS BBC DEFEND THE IRA) for daring to screen an episode of *Rough Justice* (which did not, incidentally, defend the IRA).

Real venom was reserved though for Channel 4 which, despite pulling Neil Jordan's anti-violence *Angel* and Ken Loach's fairly routine *Hidden Agenda* from its schedules, suffered at the stylish hand of Garry Bushell.

Under the heading IRA FILMS MUST NOT BE SHOWN, Our Gal claimed that "after Warrington, even Channel 4 lost their bottle and shelved pro-IRA material. But they are quick to assure us that two withdrawn films and an interview with the loathsome Ken Loach will be shown later."

"How can this be?" asks the bearded box watcher. "Do C4 intend to show them in-between bomb outrages? Perhaps their pals in Sinn Fein will be advising them which dates to avoid. I'm sure Gerry Adams wouldn't like C4 to have to pull such valuable propaganda again," he noted venomously.

Naturally, smear tactics and blatant lies are all part of Garry's charm, but he's obviously losing his grip on reality. Normally, the most assiduous promoter of satellite television, Garry must know that C4 was only planning to give *Hidden Agenda* its terrestrial premiere. The film has been shown *several times* on Sky's Movie Channel. In fact, according to the *Sun*'s helpful TV Guide, it is on again on Friday 9 April at 1.15, with several more screenings due over the next few months.

Obviously this must have slipped Bushell's mind. But being a consistent sort of chap, Provo fellow travellers at Sky — like Andrew "Guerilla" Knight and "Red" David Elstein — will no doubt get the same treatment delivered to Michael Grade and Alan Botney.

THE IRA may have devastated the centre of Warrington, but something far more serious occupied the top minds at the *Sunday Express* on the eve of Mothering Sunday: the mystery of the missing bean curd.

On Saturday nights editor Eve Bollard has dinner with her senior colleagues — including deputy editor Charles Golding and political pundit Bruce Anderson — in the conference room next to her office. Since the management refuses to provide hot meals for her, she orders hacks from the newsroom to go and fetch a Chinese takeaway.

The hapless flunkey often chosen for this task is Alfred Lee, a reporter of Chinese extraction. Two weeks ago he duly arrived with a bag full of Peking duck, shrimps and chicken — and beef in black-bean sauce, specially requested by associate editor Alan Cochrane. But as he unpacked the feast, the vegetarian Golding's countenance darkened. "Where's the beancurd?" he demanded.

Lee pointed out that when he had brought beancurd the previous week no one had touched it.

"But I ate a whole portion," Golding protested.

"Not true — I checked so I would know what to order this week," replied Lee, who is an investigative reporter.

"I want my bean curd," Golding insisted.

Lee suggested that he make do with egg fried rice, crispy seaweed and vegetables. Golding was unimpressed. "Alan Cochrane has got what he wanted, but I didn't get my bean curd," he wailed.

Most of the executives sat in awkward silence as this squabble continued, but somebody giggled at the absurdity of it all. "It's not funny," snapped la Bollard, adjudicating at the head of the table.

Worse was to come. Foreign editor Tony Smith left when he couldn't find a seat, Alan Cochrane never got his beef because there were no plates left, and someone gobbled up all of Eve Bollard's Singapore noodles.

Lee, a former reporter of the year, has received widespread sympathy from colleagues over the incident. But his days as a waiter are now over: the task of supervising the weekly Last Supper has now been entrusted to a more senior figure, executive editor Henry MacRory. Meanwhile, la Bollard has despatched an angry two-page letter on the subject to Andrew Cameron, managing director of Express Newspapers.

EVERY YEAR the World Press Institute, based at Macalester College in Minnesota, awards scholarships to 10 of the best young hacks from around the world to enable them to attend a course in America. This year's lucky recipients have just been chosen.

The list includes one British journalist — Dan Conaghan, who writes a negligible, *Tatler*-style column about parties and first-nights for the *Sunday Telegraph* every week.

Not everyone at the World Press Institute is entirely happy with this peculiar choice. The director of the scholarship programme, Frank Jossi, has sent a note to some of the editors who helped to interview candidates, explaining that "Conaghan was railroaded through by the committee's chairman, Claude Erbsen. He told us that whatever Max [Hastings] wants he gets.

"I am not sure why because as far as I know Max's total financial contribution to WPI amounts to 0.00 per year. And I am not sure we are confident he has chosen the best young journalist in the UK. Several older journalists with several years' experience were pushed aside for Conaghan, including a guy from Nepal who looked awfully good. The rest of the group is quite compelling — a Palestinian, Israeli, a Bosnian (a quite famous journalist), etc. How will they react to a 24-year-old gossip columnist from a right-wing newspaper?"

But Jossi's outburst ends on an encouraging note. "Rest assured," he writes, "Conaghan will receive no special treatment from me. I really believe the way in which he was chosen and the reasons why were sickening. Now that he's coming, well, if he misses any meetings he will also miss his daily stipend... I doubt he'll cause trouble but if he does, Max's boy will be straightened out or sent back to London double quick."

Daily Mirror

ANYONE who heard the recent *Question Time* on which the *Mirror*'s new killer bimbo managing editor Amanda Platell defended the miners' and railwaymen's right to strike will have been reaching for the sick bag.

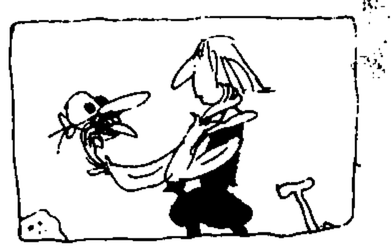
"What else can they do?" she pleaded with mesmerising hypocrisy. "They've lost huge numbers of jobs, they're being forced to work extra hours for less pay. The whole reason behind this is so that the government can get a very tasty price at the end of it when they sell it off. They [the workers] are just being used as pawns in the game."

Had Ms Platell substituted the word "banks" for "government", it would have described perfectly the situation at Mirror Group Newspapers, where more than 200 people have been sacked since November, where the management refuses to talk to the unions and where hacks attending union meetings are threatened with the sack.

She told the two top officials of the NUJ chapel that they could not be union officials and senior sub-editors at the same time. And when the NUJ, pleading that it had no other way of voicing its grievances, held a meeting on the floor, Platell was beside herself with rage. Floor meetings were banned with threats of instant dismissal for anyone taking part. Union action is all very well for miners and railwaymen, but if anyone interferes with production at the union-busting *Daily Mirror*, Ms Platell just won't have it.

ANN WALLACE, editor of *OK!*, the new magazine rival to *HELLO!*, made a revealing boob when defending her publication's name in a BBC radio interview.

"I don't think *OK!* is a naff title. After all, every day all over the world people say 'Hello' — er, I mean, 'Okay' to each other."



LUVVIES

"I wonder if something miraculous and really kind of movie-like could happen here, where we could send some kind of love and truth and kind of sanity to Deng Xiopeng in Beijing, that he would take his troops and take the Chinese away from Tibet."

RICHARD GERE
at the Oscar ceremony

"... one of those great couples — how lucky they are! — based on personal and professional admiration. They are both unique artists, with so much to offer. And Emma is magic as a cook. At dinner she did something to a chicken that was an honor to it. The chicken sacrificed its life, but then had the distinction of being cooked by Emma."

CHRISTOPHER REEVE
(on the Branaghs)
Time Magazine

Submitted by Ena B. Gibbens. John Parker.

An occasional column featuring gems from the acting profession. £10 paid for entries.

MAN OF THE YEAR

PROFESSOR Vadim Sadovsky of the Moscow Institute of Systems Studies was understandably proud when he received a letter from the "International Biographical Centre" in Cambridge, England, revealing "your nomination as International Man of the Year".

"This prestigious award — issued by way of proclamation — will be made available only to a few individuals whose achievements and leadership stand out in the international community," wrote Dr Ernest Kay, director-general of the centre. To qualify for the award, the professor need only order copies of a special proclamation ("base printed in four colours on to fine parchment") at £75 a time, or £125 if glued to a wooden plaque. These are large sums, especially for a hard-up Russian, but Prof Sadovsky was honoured by the award, which he assumed was from the University of Cambridge, since the writing paper was decorated with a picture of King's College chapel. Imagine his surprise when he discovered that Dr Kay had no connection with the university — and his even greater surprise when he learned that dozens of his academic colleagues in Moscow had just received identical letters informing them that they, too, had been nominated as International Man of the Year.

Ernest Kay is an old hand at this racket. In 1974 he compiled a 1,000-page volume called *Men of Achievement*, which purported to be an international *Who's Who* but was in fact composed largely of entries for librarians and academics in charge of departmental libraries — who gratefully ordered hundreds of copies, at £20 a time, for their shelves.

Another of his money-making wheezes is the *International Who's Who of Intellectuals*. Over the years many obscure figures have been greatly flattered to receive letters from Dr Kay informing them that, after "extremely thorough research", they have been chosen for inclusion in this prestigious volume. Many have even been suckered into shelling out £150 for a copy. The calibre of intellectual considered worthy of this honour can be gauged from a sample entry sent out by Dr Kay to potential entrants: it is for one Ravi Kumar Pandit, the accounts manager of the Dubai Country Club.

HACKWATCH No 42: Woodrow Wyatt

REASON, according to the *OED*, is "that intellectual power or faculty (usually regarded as characteristic of mankind, but sometimes also attributed in a certain degree to the lower animals) which is ordinarily employed in adapting thought or action to some end; the guiding principle of the human mind in the process of thinking."

The *News of the World* has a rather different definition. For the past decade it has published a weekly column by Lord Wyatt of Weeford under the eccentric heading "Woodrow Wyatt, The Voice of Reason". His lordship's guiding principles may be summarised thus: Norman Lamont is a superhuman genius: smoking is good for your health; and the British royal family is a perfect, unimprovable institution which should never be *questioned* or criticised.

What Wyatt's readers may not know is that he is a close friend of Norman Lamont and shared a summer holiday with him in Italy last year; he is a close friend of the royals, particularly the Queen Mother, with whom he dines regularly; and he is an inveterate smoker. Now read on...

1 November 1992: "When most of the press, media and noisy critics say the same, ignore them. You can be sure they're wrong. The fashionable clamour heaped scorn on Mr Lamont. He must go, was the demand. But see how quickly these frivolous fads change. Mr Lamont's now widely praised for his Thursday Mansion House speech." And quite right too, apparently. Lamont is running the economy with "real skill". His boss, John Major, is also a "remarkable" statesman, and "not the dithering chump portrayed by Tory newspapers". Meanwhile, taking a break from British politics, Lord Wyatt predicts the result of the American presidential election: "If I were to bet, I'd have a small one on President Bush."

8 November: More praise for the prime minister, who is "as cool, and as much in command, as Wellington at Waterloo". Elsewhere in the column Wyatt turns to another favourite theme. Infuriated by a new French law requiring restaurants to provide no-smoking areas, he opines that "anti-smoking persecution is akin to the burning of suspected witches in Salem, New England." There is evidence, he adds, that smoking "prevents disease and death".

15 November: A predictable rave review for Norman Lamont's autumn statement: "Brilliant... clever... superb... he's built a splendid launching pad for British economic recovery."

22 November: Wyatt waxes indignant at the "merchants of doom" who claim that the British economy is in a mess. In fact, according to Wyatt, "in a few years we'll overtake Germany and leave Italy, Spain and the rest standing".

29 November: Following the fire at Windsor Castle, the "anti-monarchists" have begun an "insane hullabaloo" to demand that the Queen should contribute to the cost of rebuilding. "It'd be ridiculous and unjust to ask the Queen to pay for the damage," fumes the Voice of Reason. He is also in a bate about the exposure of the chancellor of the exchequer's non-payment of his Access bill. "Norman Lamont is doing brilliantly an immensely difficult and time-consuming job... He's worth many times more than the £470 allegedly slow payment on his credit card."

6 December: Yet more good news about the economy: "Norman Lamont stuck courageously to his no-panic policy. He's cut interest rates and given other powerful help to industry. He's been vindicated... The press should praise Mr Lamont for his success. They prefer to spend hundreds of thousands of pounds hounding him with photographers, reporters and dirty tricks. Such is the dotty world we live in."

13 December: "Another success for Norman Lamont, inflation down to 3 per cent..."

20 December: Wyatt's verdict on the Euro-summit. "John Major does it with a smile. But he's the toughest operator in Europe. At Edinburgh he brought our EC partners down to earthy commonsense... John Major has pulled off a most remarkable coup for Britain. He's routed his dissident Tory MPs. And so, incredibly, on.

27 December: Wyatt brings yet more "good news for Britain": car sales are up. "The new year really may bring good cheer at last. And what's responsible for the turnround? The policies of Norman Lamont, stupidly derided by some sections of the press."

3 January: John Major has predicted that there will be a recovery in 1993. "His confidence will give the nation confidence. That's what businessmen need to get cracking. Major praised Lamont because he's sure the chancellor's got all the conditions needed for advance in place. Silly newspapers and journalists still bay for Lamont's blood. They claim he's discredited in the City. City men I've talked to believe the opposite. In a few months it'll be Lamont's persecutors who'll be discredited. We're in for some pleasant surprises."

17 January: Despite its alleged blunders, the government is "only" four points behind Labour in the opinion polls. "Even more striking is that the Conservatives are now actually four points ahead of Labour as having the best policies to deal with the economy. Norman Lamont's success is responsible for that. One in the eye for all those idiots who keep demanding his resignation."

24 January: Wyatt is outraged that tobacco products have to carry a government health warning. "This is definitely scientifically unproven. There's strong evidence smoking can enhance health and lead to longer life." He also finds space for another PR job on behalf of the Windsors. "Why, the miserable Puritans ask, will Prince Philip use the royal yacht in March for an official visit to Commonwealth countries in the Caribbean and to Florida? The silly chumps don't realise the royal yacht isn't rally a pleasure boat at all... The monarchy's a great institution... No one dare say the Queen and her husband don't serve their country with magnificent effect home and abroad."

7 February: On a visit to Paris, the Voice of Reason finds the French "distressed and amazed" by attacks on the British royal family. "Again and again I was asked: 'Don't you realise that your standing in the world wouldn't be half as high without the Queen? Lose her and the monarchy, and you'll count as nothing.' " These same unnamed French people were, if Wyatt is to be believed, "deeply shocked we've made the Queen pay income tax... The oafs and republicans among us, strong in the Labour party, simply don't realise or don't care about the savage harm they're doing to Britain."

14 February: Once again, poor Norman Lamont has to take a back seat as the Voice of Reason devotes his energies to defending the monarch instead. It is "potty" for her to be bullied into paying tax. "The Queen never has a real holiday. Daily she spends hours on official papers... She's a damn good bargain."

21 February: A familiar refrain: "Parts of the press, with dirty tricks, have persecuted Lamont. Having done their utmost to undermine public confidence in him they then crow that the public has no confidence in him. Ask the French, the Germans, the Italians and our world competitors. They think he's a brilliant chancellor, bravely pulling Britain ahead of the rest." There is another, even more familiar refrain: "How can you be sure John Major and Norman Lamont do a damn good job? Because the media, including not only the pro-Labour press but the supposedly pro-Tory press, say they're hopeless. There's a safe rule. Whenever editors and broadcasting chatterers agree, you can depend upon it they're wrong." Presumably Wyatt hopes his readers will not notice that this is merely a re-run of his column from 1 November 1992.

28 February: Another international pow-wow, another rave review: "John Major did damn well in Washington. He's tough but charming." Nor should we forget the marvellous state of the British economy under the stewardship of Norman Lamont. "Instead of moaning in misery we should cheer on the rebirth of British industry."

7 March: "Less gloom please," Wyatt commands once again. And for why? "We're about to make a fortune at home and abroad. The economic miracle in Germany has collapsed. They won't be able to boss us about any more. They can't compete with us. Sales in the shops rise. Don't be too worried about the enormous government borrowing debt of £50 billion. As recovery gets going, it'll come down fairly fast."

14 March: "I expect a brilliant, tough but good for Britain budget from Norman Lamont. He's already put us faster on the recovery road than the rest of the sagging EC. His Tuesday's budget, plus his next autumn winter one, will advance rising general prosperity further."

21 March: "Last Sunday I wrote: 'I expect a brilliant, tough but good for Britain budget from Norman Lamont.' It was." And yet, to Wyatt's outrage, "wreckers in the media" have dared to claim that the imposition of VAT on domestic fuel was harsh. "Total drivel," retorts the Voice of Reason. "All except Lamont-hater addicts say three cheers. Almost everyone responsible for running business and creating extra wealth from exports is delighted... Asses in the media attacking Lamont like demented parrots are blinkered bores. They're the knock-Britain brigade... Pursuing this personal vendetta is unpatriotic and ridiculous."

28 March: A Gallup poll has shown Norman Lamont to be the most unpopular chancellor since 1945. Wyatt is delighted. "It's an invariable rule that the more disliked a budget is when delivered, the more successful it turns out." Er, hang on: if unpopularity is actually the mark of a great chancellor, why is Wyatt always telling us to stop criticising Lamont?

Sunday EXPRESS

DOMINIC PRINCE, portly City editor of the *Sunday Express*, recently reached a parting of the ways with his girlfriend. He therefore gathered up her clothes from his flat, packed them into three dustbin bags and took them into the *Express*'s grey lubyanka for her to collect.

Alas! Before she could retrieve them, the bags — which included £3,000-worth of designer outfits — were removed from Prince's office overnight by the cleaners as part of Lord Stevens's strict "clean desk" policy.

A panic-stricken Prince has now commissioned one of his underlings on the City desk to scour the rubbish tips of East London and Essex for the *missing* items.

Rommet

MPs FOR HIRE

THE *Eye* is pleased to continue its occasional series about MPs' business and financial interests, in which we list those MPs who are in the pay of various lobbies and the companies that bankroll them.

PART TWO: THE CITY **(merchant banks, investment firms, stockbrokers, etc.)**

Peter Ainsworth *East Surrey*: Consultant to S.G. Warburg Group plc.

Quentin Davies *Stamford*: Consultant to Morgan Grenfell and Co Ltd.

Hugh Dykes *Harrow East*: Member of International Stock Exchange.

Dudley Fishburn *Kensington*: Consultant to J.P. Morgan.

John Gilbert *Dudley East*: Adviser to Jardine Insurance Brokers.

Sir Anthony Grant *SW Cambridgeshire*: Adviser to Barclays Bank plc.

Terence Higgins *Worthing*: Adviser to KPMG Peat Marwick.

David Howell *Guildford*: Director of Jardine Insurance Brokers plc; and economic adviser to Swiss Bank Corporation (UK).

Tom King *Bridgwater*: Director of Electra Investment Trust plc.

John Marshall *Hendon South*: Stockbroker with Carr, Kitkat and Aitken.

Andrew Mitchell *Gedling*: Adviser to Lazard Brothers and Co Ltd.

Tim Renton *Mid-Sussex*: Consultant to Robert Fleming Holdings Ltd.

Mark Robinson *Somerton*: Director of Leopold Joseph and Sons Ltd.

Tim Smith *Beaconsfield*: Consultant to Price Waterhouse.

Sir John Stanley *Tonbridge and Malling:* Consultant to Fidelity Investment Management Ltd.

Sir Peter Tapsell *East Lindsey*: Adviser to Mitsubishi Trust and Banking Corporation and Nikko Securities Company.

Ian Taylor *Esher*: Consultant to Barclays De Zoete Wedd I.M. Ltd.

George Walden *Buckingham*: Consultant to Samuel Montagu and Co Ltd and the Chase Manhattan Bank.

LOYALTY to the government is a funny old thing, as Tory MPs John Butterfill, Dr Michael Clark, Sir Anthony Grant, Dr Keith Hampson, Cranley Onslow and Barry Porter can attest.

As the six Tory members of the trade and industry select committee, all approved the unanimous report that urged Michael Heseltine to take on the gas industry, the French, the nuclear lobby, the cartel of National Power and PowerGen, orimulsion and imports of cut-price coal from countries which keep their prices down by employing child labour.

Heseltine decided to do none of these things and to offer the coal industry a temporary reprieve before opening the floodgates to all of coal's rivals.

Strangely, the six decided Heseltine was right; and they voted, in spontaneous unanimity, for his coal white paper and against the very views that they had promoted as members of the trade and industry select committee.

Clark, former chairman of the energy select committee, distinguished himself in backing the government's coal policy — 13 pits saved was "very satisfactory", he said. His U-turn was so complete he suffered the indignity of being singled out for praise by Heseltine.

Clark's position is interesting. After the energy committee was shut down, he had to content himself with rank-and-file membership of the trade committee. He has been noticeably uncomfortable at having another MP, an opposition one at that, in the chair, and last summer was appointed adviser to British Gas at an undisclosed retainer of plentiful thousands. To save face, British Gas suspended the appointment until after the coal inquiry was completed. Clark has now been able to resume his duties as adviser to British Gas. Naturally, his judgement was unclouded by awareness that what was good for British Gas was disastrous for coal.

MICHAEL HESELTINE described "the essence of the recommendations" in his white paper as the subsidy that will enable British Coal to charge the same price as imports from slave-labour countries like Colombia.

The theory is that the power generators will prefer to buy British coal. But both National Power and PowerGen have made huge investments in ports to handle imported foreign coal, and they will want to keep their ports busy.

National Power told the select committee it is planning a new port facility in Bristol, in association with the Bristol Port Company (chairman: Sir Marcus Fox, MP, see *Eye* 816). It is to cost £80 million. It told the committee it planned to be in a position to import half its coal by the mid-1990s.

PowerGen can already handle five million tonnes of imports at its Kingsnorth power station on the Thames, and it is building a 10 million tonne terminal at Immingham. It is spending £40 million on a five million tonne terminal at Gladstone Dock in Liverpool.

Does Heseltine imagine all this is being done for nothing, and that National Power and PowerGen will leave the facilities idle while buying British coal?

PRESIDENT Michael (The Pits) Heseltine returned to form as soon as it seemed the risk of a Tory Commons revolt over his coal white paper had been averted.

Emboldened, he once more became the aggressive, point-scoring, party hack of yore. Holding a press conference, he snarled "You've had your question" at any reporter who tried to follow a civil question with a reasonable supplementary.

He refused to say how much money he would allocate in subsidy to British Coal on the mysterious grounds that "you don't put all your cards on the table face up". The only figure he gave was £1 million — the cost of the consultants working out the most profitable way to sell off the coal industry.

HESELTINE made much of legal advice which, he said, proved that the treaty of Rome prevented him from barring imports of French electricity.

Within a few days his claim was exposed: the National Grid had signed a new eight-year agreement, renewing its contract with France. There was no need to break the old contract because, as we pointed out well before the event, it had always been due to expire on 31 March this year. And there is nothing in the treaty of Rome which could force Britain to sign a new contract.

THE TREASURY won the coal argument, as the *Eye* said it would on 4 December. The trick was accomplished by the civil service.

It had to appoint a top department of trade civil servant to guide Heseltine's hand, and it chose Peter Loughead from its financial services division. His great asset was that he had just completed six months on attachment to the treasury. He became Heseltine's minder in the coal review, which duly concluded that nothing must be done that would upset the treasury, like spending real money on saving the coal industry.

AS HE contemplates another hike in his huge salary, Mick "the Bruiser" Newmarch, chief executive of the Pru, has spotted a small cloud in the sky.

At present it is no bigger than his own huge face; but one day it could threaten personal pensions, the most promising growth area of the so-called financial services industry, of which the Pru is the leader.

As thousands flee company pension schemes in the wake of the Maxwell debacle, many are rushing into Newmarch's arms, already full to overflowing from gathering up the self-employed. But backroom Labour policy-makers have at long last turned their attention to this lucrative market, drawn, no doubt, by the enormous potential of doing something to appeal to the increasingly middle class electorate which it has found so hard to win over.

It is not only the huge salaries of people like Newmarch that "front-loaded" personal pension plans have to pay for, but for the whole lavish life-style of the financial services industry. This is reflected in the very poor value pensioners get for their money. A national scheme, possibly replacing SERPs and investing in government stocks, index-linked for those who opt for it, could be made far more attractive than anything Newmarch and the private sector could offer.

CONOR PICKERING, national director of the Conservative Collegiate Forum (CCF), the Conservative students' organisation, has been removed from his desk at central office and dumped in the secretarial pool.

Could this bizarre demotion have anything to do with his performance at last year's party conference in Brighton, at which he approached Norman Lamont in the lobby of the Grand Hotel and exclaimed: "You're full of shit. When are you going to resign?" (*Eye* 805).

THE TREASURY has set up a working party to examine how the Forestry Commission, Britain's biggest landowner, can be privatised.

This follows the surrender of the Scottish Office, which has succeeded in blocking the sale for the first 14 years of this government.

The commercial arm of the commission has the oxymoronic title "Forest Enterprise": it never makes a profit and carries the burden of 75 years of subsidy.

The commission's vast acreage could be offered as parcels of land to be given to every family. This is the method preferred by the romantic Scottish Nationalists, who want everyone to have "their wee bit o' hill and glen".

EDWARD Hartley Booth, Tory central office's placement who took over from Lady Thatcher as MP for Finchley, has shown an aptitude for gaining promotion.

Last summer he was one of the new boys who signed an anti-Maastricht early-day motion; but who, together with Lady Olga Maitland, swiftly withdrew his name when the whips pointed out the error of his ways. He was swiftly elevated to a position on the home affairs select committee.

Realising that many in his local Conservative association supported Thatch's views on Maastricht — some even petitioning for a referendum on the treaty outside local supermarkets — he sent constituents a four-page letter "explaining Maastricht" and asking them to "complete, cut out and return" a form on the back page ticking the appropriate box supporting or opposing Hartley Booth's call for a referendum on Europe.

Next, Hartley was offered and accepted the job of PPS to foreign office minister Douglas Hogg and, needless to say, nothing further has been heard of his call for a referendum. When asked by his local newspaper, the *Hendon and Finchley Times*, for his views on the addition of VAT to heating bills and its effect on the less well off, he volunteered the helpful information: "Well, they can always put on an extra pullover."

Such blind loyalty to the government means a junior ministerial job cannot be far off. How long can Hartley keep his directorship in Canford Audio plc, his employment as consultant to Berwin Leighton, solicitors, and his role as an underwriting member of Lloyds?

'Backbiter'

PRIVATISATION

THOUGH public hostility to rail privatisation has yet to make itself felt, there are now signs of waning enthusiasm in Whitehall even among the few who stand to benefit.

These include franchise director Roger Salmond: the regulator, John Swift QC; and the chairman of Railtrack, Robert "Gillette" Horton. These three stars of the rail farce don't yet seem to have found speaking parts, although all stand a good chance of appearing trouserless before it ends.

Admittedly Gillette, who has been looking forward to his knighthood (coming in June) and negotiating his salary, has found time to appoint the first batch of recruits to his empire. Interestingly, not one of the 21 comes from the *private* sector: all but one (a civil servant) are from British Rail, *in* which both Horton and the government believe there is no talent. (One of Horton's crew said he had the choice of staying on a *sinking* ship or joining one that won't float.) To save money, of which the government claims to be short, Horton has compounded the risk in surrounding himself with so many untalented public sector people by contracting with BR to "buy in" maintenance and signalling services required by Railtrack.

John Swift's silence results from his close study of his duties as regulator under the rail bill, which requires him to take an independent view of the public interest. What do you do if you become convinced that the new system as a whole will work *against* the public interest? Perhaps you simply have to keep quiet.

The third silent man, the franchise director, Roger Salmond, has been shocked to find that, despite transport secretary John MacGregor's hype, there is hardly any genuine private sector interest in operating rail services. The few serious inquirers (who don't include Richard Branson) have made it clear they will have no truck with Railtrack. This makes Mr Salmond shy of meeting Robert Gillette at cocktail parties.

Surely it won't all end with those untalented BR managers being bribed, at three to four times their present salaries (à la water, electricity, gas etc), to mount management buy-outs, as the only way to save the government's face?

POST OFFICE

POST OFFICE chief executive Bill Cockburn must be delighted to see building contracts going to a north London construction group run by his old friend, Victor Watkins.

Cockburn was a director of V.A.T. Watkins from April 1985 to April 1986, and is currently a non-executive director of the Watkins Group, which has been awarded a number of lucrative contracts by the Post Office, the last major one being for the re-roofing and re-enveloping of the Mount Pleasant sorting office at a cost of £3 million.

Recently the Post Office awarded another contract for the complete refurbishment of the interior of Mount Pleasant. Because of impending privatisation, Parcel Force is moving out and Royal Mail Letters are to extend their operation within the building to accommodate greater mechanisation. The contract for phase one is worth £7.5 million and has been awarded to... V.A.T. Watkins Limited (the second phase is to be negotiated).

No doubt V.A.T. Watkins met the strict rules on tender submissions when it delivered its tender document before the deadline expired.

WORLD OF LOONIES

A V.R. Smith, former director of the loony right-wing group Western Goals, has recently wed the Filipino bar girl whom he took to Taiwan and put up in his hotel room (before her UK tourist visa ran out). This caused embarrassment to his host, the World League for Freedom and Democracy, which consequently dismissed him from the post of deputy chairman of the British Freedom Council, the WLFD's UK chapter (see *Eye* 807).

Unfortunately, Smith's intended best man, convicted fraudster Gregory Lauder-Frost, was unable to attend the ceremony as he is serving out his sentence at Ford open prison. He has been spotted in hostelries in Arundel and at political meetings, but was told by the prison governor that his days-out allowance had been spent.

Smith has just finished a temporary job with the British-Israel-World Foundation, whose patrons include Lady May Abel Smith, the Duke of Montrose and General Sir Walter Walker (who once mooted a right-wing military coup in the UK). According to a letter written by Smith to a friend in Northern Ireland, the foundation is "the leading organisation propagating the Christian Identity message.

"We believe that the British nation and kindred peoples around the world, i.e. all those of Anglo-Celto-Saxon descent, are the direct lineal descendants of the Ten "Lost" Tribes of Israel, and that we have a Divine Mission to spread Christ's Gospel and advance the cause of genuine Bible-based Protestant Christianity. In our view, the British are God's Servant people and we are on this Earth in order to do His work."

In a post-script note, Smith added that "the Western Goals Institute is currently inactive, i.e. in a state of 'suspended animation', but we (Stuart Northolt, Michael McCrone, and myself) have other plans and projects under way which may well interest you!"

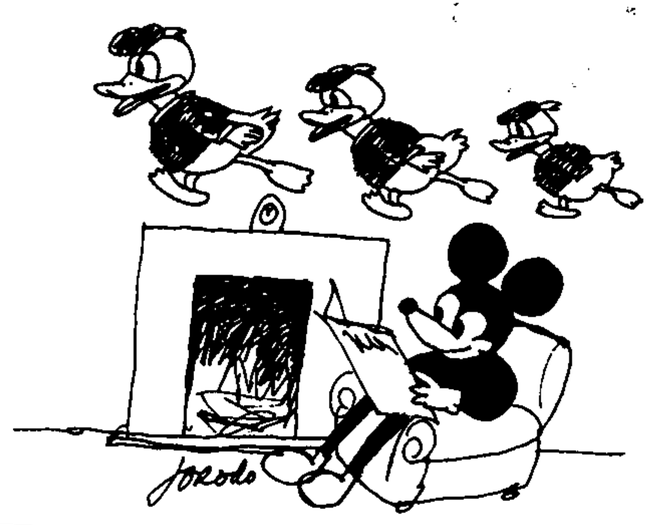
The *Eye* will keep readers posted about exactly how Smith does God's work.

BRUSSELS SPROUTS

ONE OF THE last acts of the discredited socialist government in France was to request that the powers of the European Commission be expanded — even though its 17 commissioners and 17,642 civil servants can't stop billions of ECUs from vanishing each year without trace.

The request came only six months after commission president Jacques Delors had asked for a 30 per cent increase in EC spending (then about £44 billion a year), possibly to compensate for the 20 per cent of the annual budget which, according to one estimate, disappears.

The French Socialists had not themselves been



overactive when it came to fighting fraud. They refused to comply with a request to supply computer tapes identifying firms receiving common agricultural policy subsidies on the grounds that it would be a breach of privacy.

The United Kingdom's claim to unearth fraud was also challenged by the commission when Whitehall was unable to account for money it received from the social fund in 1990 and 91. Subsequently, £300 million promised for industrial retraining schemes in July last year was withheld for several months.

The recent suicide of an Italian Eurocrat facing a big corruption probe, combined with the collapse of Mafia syndicates (and the government) in Italy, which cream off billions of ECUs from the EC, should be seen in context. Of £70 million lost in fraudulent CAP claims in Italy in 1991, only £4 million were recovered, according to the commission. The Greeks also have an interest in getting their act together because the Maastricht treaty gives them four years to pay off a crippling 11 billion ECU debt (about £9.13 billion), if they want to merge into the final stage of EMU.

While the European parliament has been denied the power to help dig out the community's fraudsters, even the EC's watchdog, the court of auditors, is hamstrung, being accountable to no one and having no ability to instruct investigations, prosecutions or arrests by police forces in member states.

POLICE 5

MURKEYSIDE chief constable Jim Sharples is no doubt relieved that county police forces will not be amalgamated in the near future. Given the low esteem in which his force is held by the public of Merseyside, his job would probably be first in line for the chop in any reorganisation.

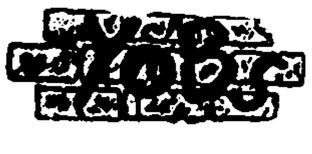
The Merseyside police authority (MPA) has just spent £30,000 of taxpayers' money on a MORI poll to find a slim majority (51 percent) of local residents satisfied with the way their knackers operate. This figure falls to 13 percent in Toxteth, where complaints of racial harassment from Sharples's boys are all too common.

The case of the boy whose ham-fisted arrest by police investigating the James Bulger murder nearly caused a major riot also continues to cause public concern. Bob Parry, peripatetic MP for Liverpool Riverside, recently wrote to Sharples raising several criticisms of the way the family was treated. The reply Sharples sent "Shanghai" Bob was disingenuous, to say the least.

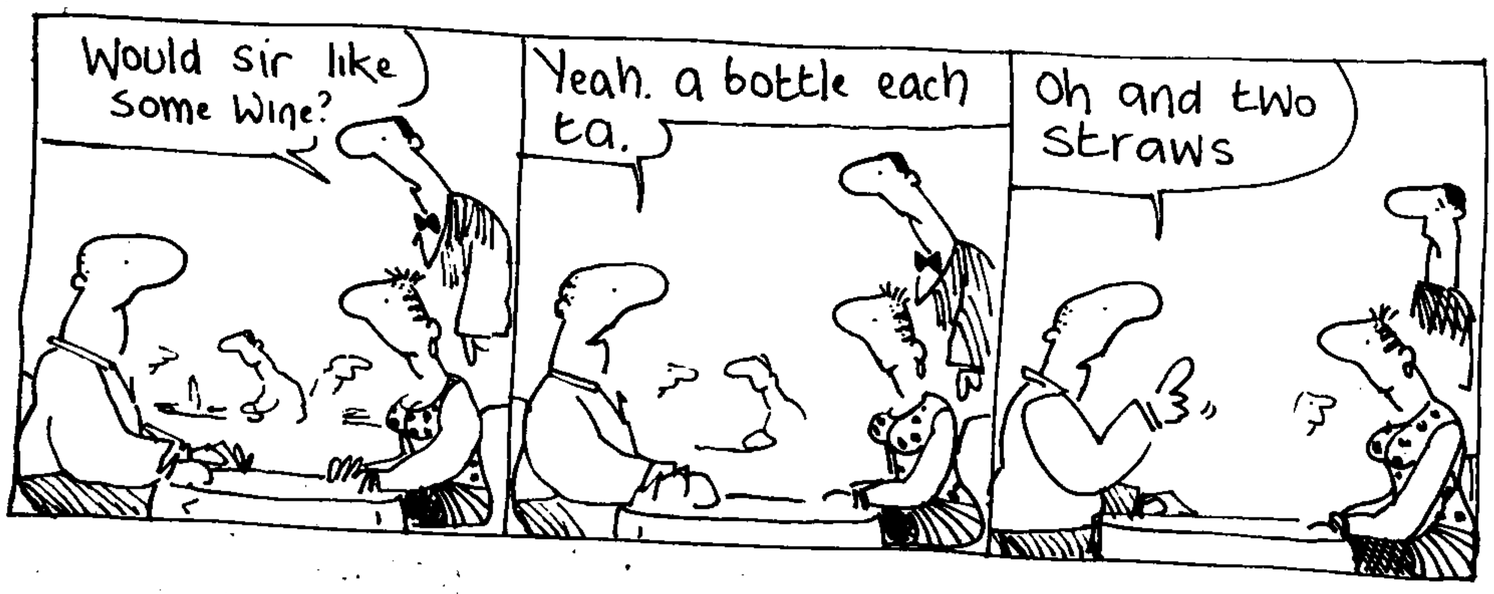
First of all Sunny Jim claims the boy was arrested "after a number of anonymous telephone calls were received from what [sic] later transpired to be his father" — an allegation the father strongly denies. Sharples further states there were no problems outside the house when plainclothes police were there, but admits a near riot could have happened after uniformed officers turned up to search the property. He blames the media rather than a large number of uniformed policemen attracting attention to themselves.

The parental household wasn't the only one to get turned over by the law. The boy's grandma got a visit, too, and she also had to flee the area. When police finally voided the boy's bail 10 days after he was exonerated, they delivered the void notice along with a pile of clothing to granny rather than to his parents.

The family is currently staying at an hotel in Liverpool at the cost of £116 a night in taxpayers' money because the city council is "unable" to rehouse them, despite having more than 20,000 vacant properties.



HUSBAND



TO THE *Sunday Times*'s annual "literary banquet" at the Grosvenor House Hotel, where the assembled literati each receive a gift in keeping with such a grand occasion: a £1.99 Mandarin publication called *The Secret of Speed Reading*.

Usually the low point of the evening is the speech by the paper's editor, Andrew "Brillo Pad" Neill. Custom dictates that he treats the assembled authors and *Sunset Times* readers to a boastful and tedious account of how fantastic his organ's circulation figures are. But tonight spirits rise at the news that "Brillo Pad" is unable to attend.

Unfortunately, his place is taken by his sinister deputy, Ivan Fallon, who duly rises to his feet and delivers a tedious and boastful account etc, etc. He is particularly proud of how many extra copies the paper has sold in Ireland as a result of serialising the kiss 'n' tell memoirs of a woman who had a child by the Bishop of Galway. Fallon uses this as the cue for a number of off-colour jokes about Catholic priests.

One of the guests, combative Irish poet Tom Paulin, can bear no more. "Why do we have to listen to this cunt?" he shouts. Other diners then join the barracking, and Fallon completes his speech to a chorus of catcalls and boos.

Needless to say, no word of this appears in the account of the banquet in the *Sunset Times*.

● *EVENING STANDARD "London Life" editor Adam Edwards wrote an emotional piece recently about how his 10-month-old baby daughter Katya was taken into the custody of Hammersmith police.*

It came about because the Edwards' Filipino cleaner, Emma, was arrested while looking after Katya (she was accused of being an illegal immigrant), and had no option but to take the baby along with her to the police station.

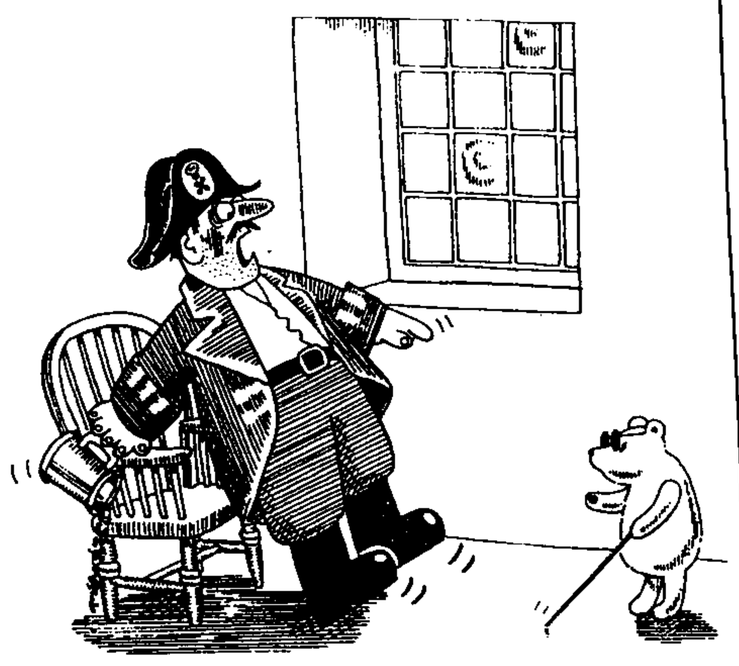
More interesting is the question of how Emma came to be fingered. Having incurred the wrath of her aunt, Inday (a Filipino who does for Nicholas and Georgia Coleridge) because she had taken up with Inday's English boyfriend, Emma's status as an illegal immigrant was subsequently revealed to the police.

Here, however, Edwards was economical with the actualité; for he did not reveal the true culprit. Georgia Coleridge was apparently so moved by Inday's plight that she rang the home office and told them off about Emma's illegal status. Needless to say, Adam and Natasha Edwards were furious that Georgia Coleridge's action resulted in their daughter enjoying the hospitality of the local police. "All I did was talk to the home office," was Georgia's fruity-toned explanation.

SINISTER news reaches me from the headquarters of the United Nations in New York, where Boutros Boutros-Ghali, secretary-general, is poised to reward Lord Death, aka David Owen, for bringing "peace" to the former Yugoslavia.

While Death will probably become a UN special representative — Viceroy of the Balkans, no doubt — I am far more worried by another rumour: that Boo-Boo has also offered a job to Margaret Thatcher, whom he received on 29 March.

Surveying the economic miracle of the Britain she once ran, I would imagine Boo-Boo has asked her to go to Moscow to oversee the final economic collapse of the eastern European economies.



"Oh no! It's Blind Pooh!"

I HEAR of an insalubrious incident at Blacks, the Soho club for wannabe decadents.

Dan Proops, the boorish twentysomething painter-grandson of eightysomething *Daily Mirror* agony aunt Marje Proops, has been expelled. He was observed by three senior managers of Blacks (it only has senior managers) taking a £1 tip left by another customer that rightly belonged to a waitress called Nina.

Blacks' demonic co-proprietor, the gamey Tom Bantock, has written to Proops and asked him in a post-script: "Is your kleptomania anything to do with your granny fucking so many people in print?"

For his part, Proops insists he thought the £1 coin was just lying around and that the real reason he has been barred from the club is that he had been getting fresh with Bantock's babe of the moment.

Postage freeze

The freeze on the price of first and second-class stamps — 24p and 18p — will be extended to the end of August. But large items such as skis or cellos will still incur extra charges.

Daily Telegraph

MY OLD FRIEND Anthony Smith, the president of Magdalen College, Oxford, won tumultuous applause on a recent Channel Four opinion series for "highlighting the refusal of the powerful to take responsibility for their actions as one of the reasons for the new climate of malaise in Britain". He called for the revival of "traditional public virtues" and insisted that people should own up to their errors "and quit".

Is this by any chance the same Anthony Smith who acted as host to the BBC's John Birt, as the director-general celebrated his wife's 50th birthday at Magdalen College last week?

Is this the same Anthony Smith who even laid on Evensong for the Birts in the college chapel?

Surely not. Members of the college, however, noticed a certain discrepancy here, and since Mr Birt had paid the choir handsomely for this special service, put up a notice in the cloisters: "Magdalen chapel plc welcomes John Birt plc". It was, of course, hastily taken down; but I hope the president's face was a suitable shade of red.

Pip Pip!

Pseuds Corner

Question: What is your favourite smell?
Roger Scruton: The French Literature section of the London Library.

Guardian Weekend

In doing what I have done as a writer, I suffer from a sense of guilt and betrayal of a much more profound nature than that of merely betraying my parents and my children — it's a betrayal of woman. I have not fulfilled the true tasks of woman, either as a daughter, a spouse or a mother, and that is the price of being Kathleen Raine.

KATHLEEN RAINE
Guardian

Teetering above the crowd on a staircase in the lobby of the Festival Hall, he [Alfred Brendel] cited Isolde's Liebestod: 'That is the most *wonderful* orgasm!' But she achieves it on her own, I ventured. 'Never mind!' cried Brendel as little old ladies gawped, 'remember all the foreplay — five hours of it. To sustain the tension for so long!' His voice rose to a crescendo, his eyes shone behind his glasses, and the ladies backed superstitiously away from this lofty, enraptured figure for whom an idea — like that of Isolde's solitary, belated fulfilment - constitutes a keen, vital physical pleasure.

PETER CONRAD
Observer

According to Sean Hand (Aberystwyth) the Zar possession rites encountered at Gondran in Ethiopia were for Leiris a dramatic representation of his autobiographical ideal of the search for alterity as an experience of pre-reflexive presence.

ELZA ADAMOWICZ
Anthropology Today

I'm a very oral person. Like a baby, I think I know the world through my mouth. Food is very important because it's about destruction, it's about creation and preserving; you destroy the world by eating it — it's dead, you've killed it, and yet you've created something. It seems to me it's one of the great mysteries of life.

MICHELE ROBERTS
Independent

KELLY: Marie-Antoinette Madeleine Beatrix, born at 2.45am on Monday 22 March 1993 in front of a blazing fire. Madeleine, and her mother, Fleur de Marie (née Quinn), and her father, Francis, are all in excellent spirits.

Independent

CONTRIBUTORS: Mikel Toms, E.P. Wilson, Roger Elliott, Patur Papaloizou, Susande Muth, Annabel King.

£10 for entries

NOOKS and CORNERS

IS NOBODY in government, let alone the BBC, ever thinks it incumbent upon them to resign, it is naive of the Victorian Society and others to hope that Peter Brooke, the national heritage minister, will sack Jocelyn de Stevens CVO, the egregious chairman of English Heritage, whose embarrassing behaviour is greatly compromising that institution.

But something has to give; and so it was Sophie Andreae, head of the London Division, who suddenly found it necessary to spend more time with her family. Miss Andreae's crime was simple: she cares about historic buildings and tried to stop Piranha Teeth and his civil service masters from dismantling her department.

The trouble was that she was a poacher turned gamekeeper: the former secretary of SAVE Britain's Heritage brought in by the first chairman of English Heritage, the lamented Lord Montagu, in an inspired appointment. So the civil servants hated her as they hate anyone who is not a narrowly ambitious bureaucrat with no passion or commitment.

Her replacement is Paul Drury, who has been lurking as deputy head of the London Division, busily preparing reports on how to devolve the powers of the department whenever Sophie Andreae went on holiday. Mr Dreary's rise was impressive once his civil service masters realised that he was that type of person whose ambition overrode whatever principle or professional scruple he (or she) might once have had. For Drury, better known as The Gerbil, was once a building archaeologist, not a bureaucrat. He is intensely proud of being able to put "FSA" after his name: I wonder what the Society of Antiquaries thinks about his plans to dismantle the body that cares for the historic buildings and antiquities of London?

The tragedy of EH is rich in ironies. One is that, despite the lip service paid to Thatcherite accounting morality, the civil servants have simply not done their homework and prepared a cost analysis of the proposed "reforms" of EH. The Committee for the Future of London's Architectural Heritage, those interfering busybodies whom Piranha Teeth insulted and threw out of his office (*Eye* 813), estimate that the extra cost of devolving most of the statutory powers of EH to the reluctant London boroughs might be as much as £16.5 million — of taxpayers' money. But the civil servants who have taken over Heseltine's quango are motivated by jealousy and spite, not efficiency.

The real irony is that the loud, civil servant-hating chairman is really just a puppet. He understands neither the plans he promotes so ineptly, nor that he is merely a ludicrous figurehead, a paper tiger. The people who actually pull the strings in EH are the top professional bureaucrats: the chief executive, Jennie Page, very clever and ambitious; and Jane Sharman, the director of conservation (assisted by Duncan Simpson, an historian turned bureaucrat who, like his boss, seems to have a personal grudge against the London Division). The austere, passionless Miss Sharman is probably the real villain of the piece. Her tidy, civil service mind was long ago offended by the anomaly of English Heritage's additional powers in London; now, thanks to pliant Piranha Teeth and the ever-obedient Gerbil, that anomaly is being expurgated.

Poor Piranha Teeth! All he is famous for, all he is really good at, is abusing and sacking people. It would be wonderfully ironic, as well as just, if he himself were at last invited to spend more time with his family, such as it is. But why should the government do the right thing by English Heritage when it does the wrong thing in every other aspect of national life?

***NATURALLY the chairman is anxious that English Heritage should not irritate important people like Lord Sainsbury and Paul Hamlyn** (Eyes passim), **so it is scarcely surprising that, to oblige his friend Lord Palumbo, Jocelyn de Stevens has ended EH's long and worthwhile campaign in two public inquiries to prevent the listed buildings between Poultry and Queen Victoria Street being demolished to satisfy one rich man's vanity and megalomania** (Eyes passim ad magnam nauseam).*

EH is not objecting at the public inquiry into the proposed closure of Bucklersbury — the ancient road which runs across the site earmarked for the late Sir James Stirling's wireless set. This is probably the last round in the long, long saga of No 1 Poultry and I am sorry that the City Corporation, after its own lengthy opposition, has also withdrawn, feeling that it would be vexatious to oppose My Lord Palumbo again having sold him the necessary land. But other bodies, like SAVE Britain's Heritage, are fighting to the last, as is the City of London Retail Traders' Association. And here is a curious thing...

When the association's offices were above a wine shop in Farringdon Street five years ago, they were broken into. The safe was not tampered with, nor was any champagne or other booze taken. All that went missing were files concerning No 1 Poultry. On 23 January this year, the Highbury home of the association's honorary secretary, Eddie Scilloe, was burgled, yet nothing appeared to be stolen and no mess was made. Only a file to do with No 1 Poultry was missing. Rum, don't you think?

'Piloti'

Sally Deedes

AS COUNCIL tax bills arrive and householders argue over why their home is in Band E while the neighbour's is in Band C, the experience of a student who worked as a "casual revenue assistant" for a council in the south of England sheds light on how valuation offices made some of their "decisions".

For a start, the "banding" of properties was often carried out by unqualified staff. While it is no secret that no internal inspection of homes was carried out, and that reference to survey details in domestic rates files were the main source of information, it was claimed that external inspections were carried out to back up the desk work. This practice, maintains our correspondent, did not happen much at all. As no record was kept of which properties were inspected, who is to know the true picture?

Once or twice our correspondent witnessed his section leader deliberately instructing one of his colleagues to pitch the banding of a certain property too high. The rationale was that "they can always appeal — if we pitch it too low, they will of course keep quiet".

The appeal procedure is tiresome in the extreme. It is free, yet the burden of proof is always on the taxpayer. If the banding is clearly inappropriate the remedy is simple, but if the banding is open to doubt, the taxpayer will need to employ a private surveyor to provide evidence against the valuation officer at a cost of around £150 — in many cases more than the difference between the bands.

At the outset it was also stipulated that no one below the job of "valuation technician" should answer inquiries from taxpayers, but our correspondent, originally employed to load addresses on to a computer, found himself fobbing off the public with assurances that mistakes would be looked into, giving advice on subjects ranging from high banding to the vexed "annexe" question.

This concerns home extensions built for elderly relatives. Planning permission would have been given on the basis that an extension could not be sold separately from the house. But now the definition of a separate dwelling liable for banding is that it has its own entrance and washing and cooking facilities. Lately it has been decided that all annexes should be put into Band A — so woe betide anyone who lives in a lean-to shed with a hot plate and a basin.

A SERIES of one-day conferences is planned over the coming year in London and Glasgow.

Entitled "Denying coverage in Insurance Claims", it is described as "a comprehensive one-day conference for insurance underwriters, loss adjustors and insurance lawyers".

This month's conference is sold-out, but don't worry: there is one in London in June at which those in the insurance industry can pick up tips on the legal rights and practical realities of simply saying "No."

ITV

Beam & Da Silva (Carlton)

Disguises (Granada)

FOR THE LAST three decades, the typical ITV current affairs programmes have been shows like Granada's *World in Action* and Thames's *This Week*.

But, in the nineties, the typical ITV current affairs will, it seems clear, be stuff like *Disguises* — made for Granada by refugees from the old *World in Action* unit — and *Beam & Da Silva*, produced by Thames's franchise successor, Carlton. In terms of documentary strands, the flagships have been replaced by the pleasure-trip paddle-steamers.

Beam & Da Silva sounds more like a cop show than a doc show, and this is no mistake. Its reporter-duo is deliberately given a drama context: a cute London mews office, with old-fashioned black dial telephones, a blue painted door and a matching blue van for meeting contacts. The two investigative hacks are Roger Beam — a chunky sub-Roger Cook type with a sinister 70s haircut — and Denise da Silva, an enigmatic northern lass with tough-cookie good looks.

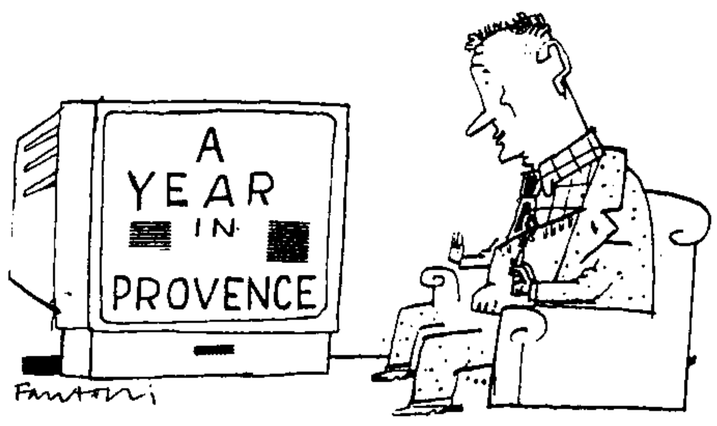
Last week, the team investigated the Saturday night street shooting of the businessman Donald Urqhuart. The programme turned up new material and presented an *explanation* of why Urqhuart had died which was both plausible and surprising, involving a Hertfordshire golf club. It was a good yarn, of a kind which would have been told in an ITV current affairs show at any point in the last 20 years. So the charge is not, in this case, the degradation of content in commercial television documentaries. The charge is degradation of presentation.

The crime of a series like *Beam & Da Silva* is the constant sense that it is apologising for its material. It has all the faults exhibited by shows in schedules which distrust the audience's attention span for serious subjects. 1) The cheerful reconstruction of scenes of violence which the camera sadly missed: here, the shooting of Urqhuart. 2) Cheap sentimentality: here, the tearful explanation of the businessman's elderly mother that he can't be buried until the crime is solved. 3) Bogus set-ups: here, a scene in which Beam jumped in to the passenger seat of a car, briskly introduced himself and asked if he could question the driver. Luckily, the camera person had got in the back of the car first. 4) The use of actors in heavy silhouette to represent off-the-record sources.

None of these tricks was needed. The story would have held the audience. *Disguises* — the new ITV Thursday night current affairs show — shows a similar bias towards format over narrative. In this series, a reporter — with that now fashionable accessory for TV journalists, the camera hidden in a bag — goes undercover with an assumed identity. Last week, there was the second part of an edition in which Adam Holloway posed as a Moslim refugee attempting to leave the former Yugoslavia.

The programme's makers would say that they were tackling a subject which would normally make ITV viewers turn off — even *News at Ten* needs a telegenic baby angle before doing Bosnia these days — in a manner which would keep them tuned in. This is a neat theory but another possibility raised by Holloway's report was that the entertainment and thriller trappings of these kinds of programmes are so central that the subject is simply sidelined, ignored by the audience merely in a different way from that in which they ignored it before.

The problems with the *Disguises* style — some, but not all, of them parallel to the difficulties of *Beam & Da Silva* — are these. First, the visual quality of documentaries made in this way will always be poor. The novelty of the wobbly-graining picture soon wears off. Holloway, aware of this, reconstructed the bits that his bag had not picked up. But this leaves the viewer unsure of the provenance of the pictures, and therefore suspicious. Secondly, if the reporter is in disguise, he is required to lie to everyone he meets. Holloway and his colleagues have said that such fibs are justified by the material produced, but to plant a lie at the centre of a TV form which purports to find the truth is an ethical oddity at best.



"Morse means worse"

Thirdly, in the ex-Yugoslavia segment, the narrative tension was, essentially, whether Holloway would be found out to be a journalist. But do viewers take the corollary that this is symbolic of the condition of a refugee terrified that people might discover they were a refugee. Does inserting a nice sympathetic English surrogate at the centre of a foreign story give the English viewer a new purchase on the experience of others or increase the distance from it? In other words, is the action now more important than the world in the docs which are the *World in Action* of tomorrow?

'Square Eyes'

MEDIA NEWS

BBC pensioners who worry that the corporation's "funny money" mismanagement men might be costing them the sort of millions lost in other departments had their suspicions fanned after last week's AGM of the BBC Pensioners' Association.

Stunned by the Birt affair and reported losses of £2.5 million on a nine-year BBC investment in 3,700 acres of prime arable land in East Anglia, more than 100 pensioners packed a ticket-only meeting at Broadcasting House.

As the committee was harangued with live readings of chunks of *Private Eye*, pensioners learnt that after more than a year the trustees are still refusing the association representation on the board — despite the alarm raised by the Maxwell affair and despite parliamentary select committee recommendations that pensioner representation on the boards of their pension funds should be a statutory requirement.

Management acknowledged "some problems" with the calculation of pensions — a euphemism which may make John Birt's claim that he saved only £810 in tax a year look almost truthful. And amid reports that up to 25 percent of all BBC pensions may be incorrect, the limited company that runs the pension fund has employed Ian Phillips — the man held responsible for the £60 to £120 million overspend at Network Television — in his new capacity as a freelance financial consultant!

It is a measure of the alarm that the possible raiding of the pension fund — if the BBC were to "collapse" and fall into the hands of a Maxwell figure, as one participant put it — was even discussed. But the AGM broke up on a more optimistic note when pensioners learnt that if they had held their meeting a week later they would have been charged £130 under the new everyone-pays-everyone-for-everything scheme, aka Producer's Choice, which came into effect on April Fool's Day.

THERE were red faces when Anne Robinson, who is taking her pisspoor column from the *Mirror* to *Toady*, turned up at the BBC at the end of last month to review the papers for *Breakfast Time*.

On 30 March, she had duly submitted her final *Mirror* column to Holborn Circus. The page had been set up and faxed to Anne's palatial W8 abode for final corrections, from where it was sent back to Holborn Circus for printing.

On the morning the column was due to appear, Anne — busy media bee that she is — arrived at *Breakfast Time* and was somewhat confused when, turning to her page, she found that the whole column had been trashed and replaced by the first *apercus* from the *Mirror*'s latest celeb columnist, Anne Diamond, whose arrival at Holborn Circus was splashed across page one.

How leftward-leaning is Robinson's replacement? Not only did Anne Diamond cross the picket lines at TV-am, but it was she who denounced our idle lefty teachers and sprang the "private medicine trap" on poor unsuspecting Denis Healey and his wife.

CORPORATION STREET W.12
An everyday Story of Broadcasting Folk
"IT'S AN UNBELIEVABLE STORY OF AN OLD LUNATIC...
BBC TELEVISION CENTRE
OUT
EASTER SCHEDULES
THE OLD MAN OF LOCHNAGAR
WHO LIVES IN A WORLD OF HIS OWN...
WHO HAS NO PLACE IN MODERN SOCIETY...
BAR
WHO GETS TO KEEP HIS JOB AS CHAIRMAN OF THE BOARD OF GOVERNORS!"
"Trebles and the establishment all round!"
BAR
Ken Pyne

I-BSkyB

"Sorrow... school pal's grief captured by Sky TV"

Caption to photograph of a crying friend of IRA victim Tim Parry
THE SUN

Contributors: too numerous to list.

An occasional column for which readers are invited to submit Sky-plugs masquerading as news items in Murdoch papers. The usual £10 will be paid.

RUPERT MURDOCH flew in recently to address the parlous state of BSkyB. In a series of crisis meetings with Sam Chisholm and other executives, the Dirty Digger expressed anger that the company was failing in a number of respects.

● Dish sales are running at 40-50 percent of the current 100,000 monthly sales figure. The premier football league deal and a brief surge around Christmas did not affect the trend.

● Private subscriptions for Sky Sport have been dropping as more and more pubs buy dishes and subscribe to the service.

● Vast numbers of white Amstrad dishes have experienced problems as a result of weather damage (the black, perforated dishes are less susceptible). There is a 15 per cent rate of return on dishes.

● Viewing figures for Sky News are appalling and advertising sales are already falling short of their target. The Sunrise programme does not even register on the ratings chart. As the BBC is still considering whether it should operate a domestic satellite news service in addition to its World Service Television, plans to encrypt Sky News as another subscription service starting in October 1993 seem ludicrous to BSkyB insiders, who reckon it will be another five years before Murdoch is able to ease his debt burden significantly.

WILL JOHN BIRT get his most excellent accountants to have a close look at the libel action brought by Esther Rantzen against the *People*, which dared to criticise her choice of informants?

Rantzen is on a freelance contract (£1.3 million over four years), but someone at the BBC boldly decided that licence-payers would cover her costs if she sued the *People*. Thus freed of financial responsibility for her action, Esther sued and won damages of £250,000. She announced that the damages would go to Childline — and the BBC breathed again in the belief that the huge costs of the case would be borne by the defendants.

Neither of these things happened. Childline will get nothing. And the BBC licence-holders will have to fork out £200,000. How come?

The answer lies in the astonishing extravagance of Esther's City solicitors, Herbert ("The Fayeds Are A Grand Old Alexandria Family") Smith. The BBC has already paid about £400,000 for Herbert Smith's trial costs, but only £200,000 of that has been recovered from the *People* after the taxing master knocked £190,000 off the solicitors' original bill (248 hours for which Herbert Smith claimed payment were "unaccounted for" to the taxing master.

When the costs of the appeal are added, plus a third of the defendant's costs because of the appeal result, there won't be a penny of the damages left for Childline. Instead, licence holders will have to fork out about £200,000 for Esther's legal team. This included two QCs (Geoffrey Shaw and Richard Hartley); a Herbert Smith partner (David Natali); two Herbert Smith solicitors (Hilton Mervis and Philippa Hayes); plus one articled clerk (Jonathan Rowell) who became a solicitor and had to be paid as such while the trial was on.

IT MAY LOOK as if John Birt has weathered the recent storms about his finances, but there are rough seas ahead.

First, there is the ever-present danger that the Inland Revenue might belatedly query the payments to his wife for secretarial duties.

Secondly, there are the continuing investigations by *Observer* TV critic John Naughton, whose full-length biography of Birt is due to be published by Faber & Faber this autumn.

The book seems to be provoking severe paranoia in the upper echelons of the BBC: Birt's associates are trying desperately to discover the identities of those whom Naughton has interviewed, and to find out what they have told him. What can they be afraid of?

ACCOUNTANCY

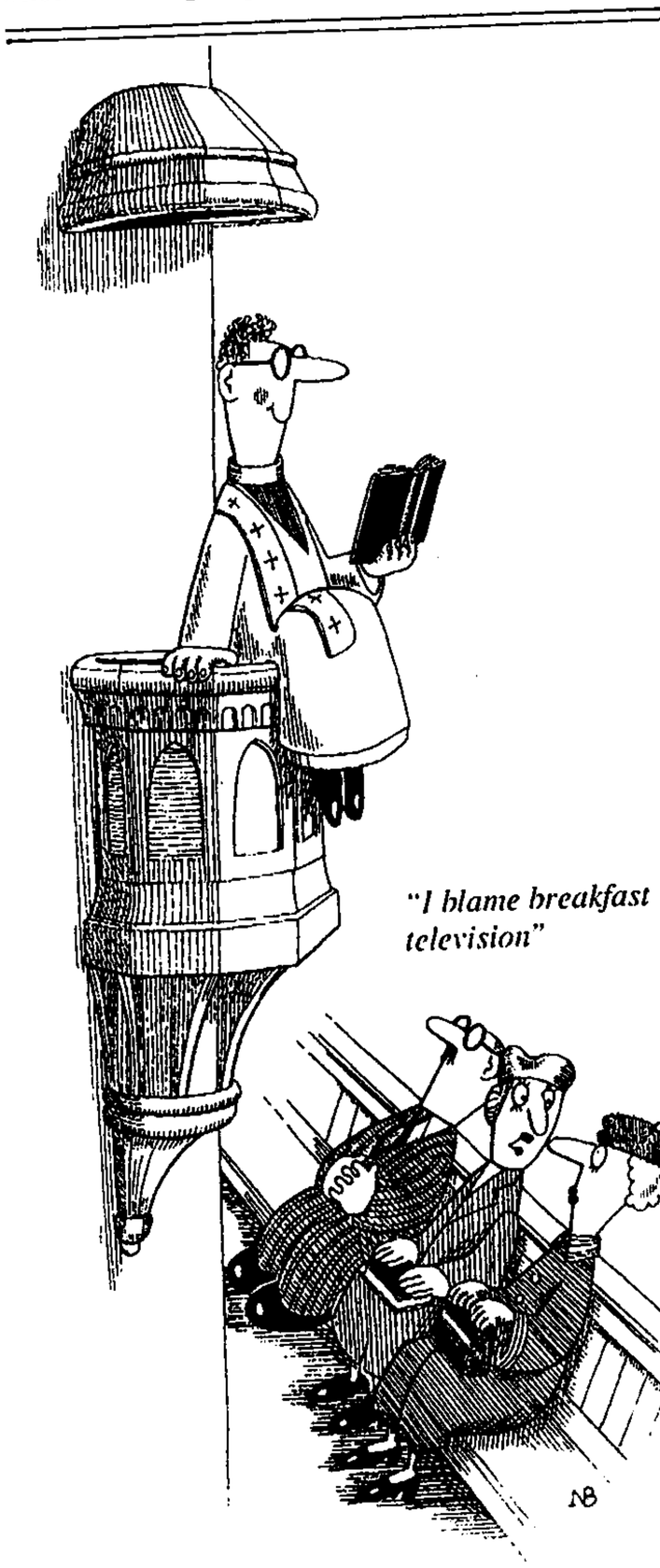
ARTHER ANDERSEN, the accountants advised by former prime minister Edward Heath and who once employed Edwina Currie's husband and brother-in-law, are rapidly overtaking Trafalgar House as the most favoured firm for government largesse.

Peter Lilley's parsimonious department of social security has been specially keen to hire Andersen consultants to do work the DSS civil servants can do perfectly well. The current charge for a partner at Arthur Andersen is £1,260 a day; a manager costs £920 a day; an experienced consultant £740 a day: and an ordinary consultant (presumably inexperienced), a mere £570 a day.

Andersen consultants have been pouring into the areas of the DSS where the benefits are meanest. When the figures were last revealed in 1991, the disability living allowance section was paying for 48 "Andersens"; pensions strategy had 25; the child support agency had 24; and the social fund, 22.

Altogether there were 172 enormously expensive Andersen consultants employed by ITSA (the computer technology section of DSS), very few of them doing anything which could not have been done by civil servants at a sixth of the cost.

FACT: Peter Lilley was the minister who brought last year's Tory party conference to its feet with his "little list" of poverty-stricken people to whom he was going to refuse dole.



"I blame breakfast television"

O·B·N·K

Young Yentob
As someone who looks forward to working under the infant Yentob when he takes over at the BBC some time in the 21st century, may I take this opportunity to point out that his name, boringly enough, is not Jakob, but plain Jacob (Back Bites, 20 March).

TRACEY MACLEOD
Letter to Independent Magazine

Look at the women, for example, who get to the top in politics. Virginia Bottomley, by anyone's standards, is a great beauty. Harriet Harman is an outstandingly good-looking woman. Edwina Currie is regarded by many men as a very fetching figure, and Joan Ruddock has certainly been assisted in her political career by being extremely easy on the eye.

MARY KENNY
Daily Mail

Submitted by Gordon Rennie, Julie Benson.

£10 paid for all entries put forward for the Order of the Brown Nose.

LIBEL NEWS

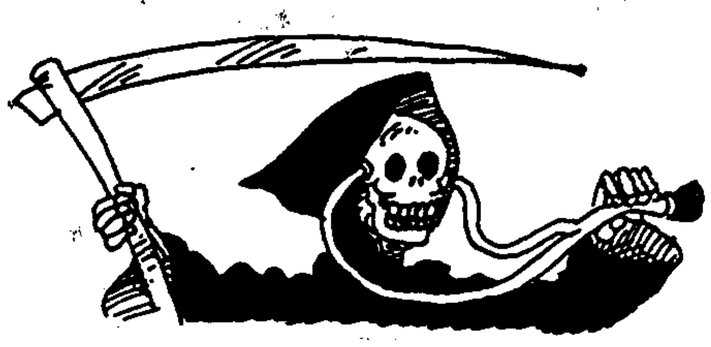
ACCORDING TO an affidavit from the former Somali charge d'affaires in the UK, Abdulahi Dool, the Somali government secretly decided in 1990 to promote libel actions in the British courts against publications and writers that were critical of the Barre regime.

Prime victim of this was Professor Richard Greenfield, a highly respected expert on African affairs, who had been appointed to a research professorship at the national university of Somalia and seconded as a political adviser to the Somali foreign ministry. However, he later became a critic of president Siyad Barre, campaigning for the release of imprisoned intellectuals. Consequently, his government appointments were terminated.

In November 1989 *New African* magazine published an article by Greenfield titled "Somalia slides into chaos". This was illustrated by some photographs, a couple of which showed an alleged illegal sale by the Somalis of ivory poached in Kenya. One of the individuals pictured in the photograph was Laird Garrard, from a business called Resource Management and Research. Laird Garrard and his uncle Dr Murray Watson (a colleague in the business) sued using the Queen's lawyers Farrer & Co. Abdulahi Dool signed an affidavit (which he has since renounced) claiming that Dr Watson and his organisation had lost various government contracts as a result of the *New African* report. Eventually, *New African* caved in and apologised, paying the plaintiffs £30,000 to settle the action, together with legal costs totalling £60,000 for both sides. However, Greenfield (who had had nothing to do with the photograph and caption) refused to apologise or reveal any of his sources.

After the fall of Barre's regime in 1991, Greenfield obtained the second affidavit from Abdulahi Dool (now no longer under duress from Batte's regime), and when this was shown to the other side the case against him was finally withdrawn. Dr Watson explained that the sticking point was whether he should have to pay Greenfield's costs, and a judge assisted the litigants, both of whom were now without professional representation, in negotiating a settlement. Greenfield refused to name the source of the information that had appeared in the photo caption — he had taken the information over the phone at *New African* and passed it to the editor. *New African* accepted that the caption was an in-house production. But although he did not have to pay any damages or make a public apology, Greenfield had to meet his own costs and express his regret that the article had been published in the form that it had been.

This seems an unsatisfactory outcome in the light of Dool's extremely damaging charge. Was the Barre regime using Watson to get back at its opponents and was that why it instructed Dool to lie on its and Watson's behalf? A grim precedent for libel...



DOING THE ROUNDS

THE London Ambulance Service (LAS) is still having problems responding to 999 calls.

Two such calls from the relatives of a 73-year-old east London man with angina were referred back to his GP by LAS before a third call — three hours later — succeeded in summoning an ambulance. The patient died.

● SINCE 1 APRIL, doctors and nurses have been luxuriating in a 1.5 percent pay increase. House officers working on bank holidays, including Christmas Day, will now see their hourly rate rocket from £3.12 to £3.17 before tax. Meanwhile, senior managers have been awarded a 3.9 percent increase, backdated to October, which raises the top salary for unit general managers to £60,650, district general managers to £69,900, and regional general managers to £77,690.

● THE government is planning to close three of the country's seven military hospitals. Three hundred jobs are threatened at the **Queen Elizabeth Hospital** in **Woolwich**, with more to follow when the **Royal Naval hospital** in **Stonehouse** and **Princess Mary's RAF hospital** in **Plymouth** also shut.

● MICHAEL HAINES, chairman of the **Royal London Trust**, has received an illuminating letter from the chairman of the division of surgery.

It expressed the surgeons' concern at "the cessation of all elective surgery for the next two months for the people of Tower Hamlets whilst at the same time being allowed, indeed encouraged, to carry on such treatments on patients who are extra-contractual referrals and from GP fund-holders... Not one of us is in any doubt that what we are providing as doctors and as a trust is a two-tier service for patients."

Patients of non-fundholding GPs, meanwhile, rely on hand-outs from benevolent fundholders. Dr Richard Promeroy, a **Solihull** fundholder, has donated £5,000 of his £60,000 budget savings to buy 10 tonsillectomies for needy neighbours. Other GPs are relying on bad publicity to embarrass hospitals into action: the **Royal Surrey County hospital** reversed its postponement of an ear operation on a young girl after her GP and mother contacted the *Surrey Advertiser*. And a 77-year-old **Chelmsford** man had his cystoscopy reinstated at the **Broomfield hospital trust** after his GP took the story to regional television. It seems both money and media are now more important than clinical need.

● IN 1990, Graham Butland, macho general manager of **Essex family health service authority**, threatened to "kick doctors from one end of the county to the other", endearing himself to then super-fit health secretary Kenneth Clarke. This may explain why Mr Butland has remained in office despite the internal exposure of irregularities that occurred when the new contract for GPs was implemented.

On 17 May 1990, Mr Butland and Mr Griffiths, the assistant administrator (finance) of Essex FHSA, met with practice manager David Swann and some of the GPs at a dissolving Essex practice. One of the GPs was leaving to join a teaching practice in Chelmsford, but those present at the meeting decided to represent falsely that he was to join Brickfield's surgery in South Woodham Ferrers. This resulted in patients (and their lucrative capitation fees) being transferred to a surgery that their doctor had no intention of joining.

Mr Butland helped to instigate this plan to set up a phoney partnership and offered the services of the FHSA to mail patients and inform them of the creation of the non-existent partnership. When the deception was later uncovered by the emergence of a damning transcript of the meeting, the chairman of the FHSA, Major General Wall, refused to investigate the matter or to send letters of apology to the deceived patients. Incoming health secretary William Waldegrave and junior minister Stephen Dorrell were also informed, but Mr Dorrell decided that Mr Butland's actions were "in accordance with the regulations" and that "there was no question of a phoney partnership". Perhaps they didn't have time to read the transcript.

Mr Butland continues to cultivate friends in high places. His recent boast — "I don't ask the local medical committee — I *tell* them" — has made him a firm favourite with Mrs Bottomley. Lucky old Essex.

● IN **SOUTH CUMBRIA, Kendal's Westmorland General Hospital** is bearing the brunt of the health authority's attempt to claw back a £2 million overspend. Shortly after the announcement that there would be no job losses, 20 part-time workers were given the push and a single porter had to cover the whole hospital and ferry corpses to the mortuary.

The children's ward is more often closed than open; all non-urgent surgery has been cancelled and the gynaecology ward shuts at weekends. Happily money has been found to upgrade administrator's furniture, barely a year old, and to fund crisis meetings for senior managers in the Lakeside and Grange hotels.

● THE NINE junior house surgeons in **Winchester** might expect to benefit from working in the same hospital as Mr Paddy Ross, chairman of the Joint Consultants' Committee (JCC) and a keen advocate of the "new deal" for junior doctors. However, instead of transferring to a more humane shift system as outlined in the deal, all nine work onerous 1 in 3 rotas — every third day they must work the night as well — with early starts, late finishes and no half-days making a nonsense of the supposed maximum 83-hour week. One doctor had to threaten legal action to recover payment for extra-duty hours from the hospital, which also employs an illegal permanent locum.

● **SOUTH-EAST London Health Promotion Service** is holding a half-day course on "condom skills" in June, facilitated by Jerry Hall (Condom Worker) and Clare Potter (Condom Support Worker). Participants will be expected to work in pairs to discuss and reflect on personal feelings and awareness around condoms. Interested? Phone Jerry on 071-735 1972.

● IN **TOXTETH, North Mersey Community NHS Trust** has decided to open a residential rehabilitation unit for drug addicts... by closing the **Hartington Road Family Health Clinic**. The area is one of the most deprived in Europe and desperately needs both.

● **QUEEN MARY'S hospital** in **Sidcup** celebrated its newly acquired trust status with a ball at the Swallow Hotel on 2 April. Staff and partners were offered tickets at £20 each, which included a £15-a-head subsidy from the trust development money received from the department of health.

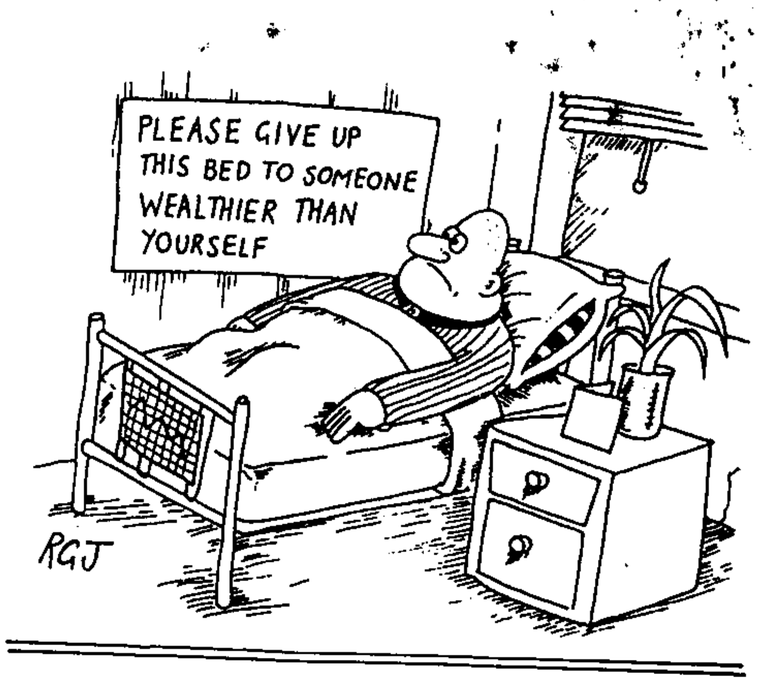
● **BASINGSTOKE and North Hampshire District Health Authority** indulges in the dubious practice of asking senior nursing staff to reapply for downgraded posts or face "voluntary" redundancy (*Eyes passim*). The result (wards staffed by inexperienced nurses of all grades) is now likely to be masked by the decision to dress all in dark-blue, giving the impression that every ward is run by sisters. Meanwhile, two million-pound operating theatres at the **Lord Mayor Treloar hospital** in **Alton** have been closed before the paint has dried.

● THE NEWLY-FORMED University of **Portsmouth** has delayed plans to award Virginia Bottomley an honorary degree. The ceremony, due to take place in February, has been postponed until July when, it is hoped, any students who might take exception to "Doc" Bottomley will be back-packing and practising safe sex around Europe. Meanwhile, **St Mary's hospital** in Portsmouth has closed four of its seven geriatric wards.

● **WEST SUSSEX FHSA** has come down hard on general manager Colonel Terry Knott. It took just three years to decide that the appointments of the colonel's wife Siri as FHSA personnel manager and of Malcolm Sheppard as his personal chauffeur were an inappropriate use of NHS resources.

● IN *EYE* 814, **St Andrew's psychiatric hospital** in **Northampton** was described as "private". Not so: it is in fact a registered charity and its charges are less than half the £5,500 a week quoted.

M.D.



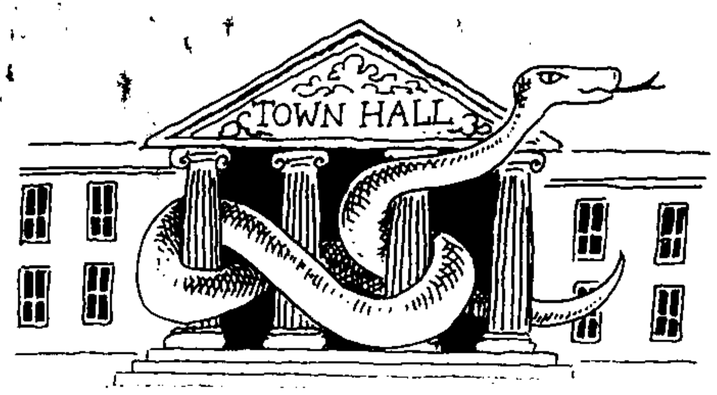
EVER SINCE Yorkshire Television exposed the fantastic junketing of medical experts at the expense of the drug companies, a great effort has been made to ensure that the junkets are more discreet.

Leading figures in the mental illness field were expected to be tactfully silent about the invitation to a "seminar" on "management issues in psychiatry", held from 29 to 31 March at the unusual venue of the Grand Hotel, Paris. This marvellous freebie was financed by SmithKline Beecham, one of the UK's biggest drug companies, which specialises in treatments for the mentally ill and depends on doctors prescribing them.

The lucky invitees were flown to Paris on the 29th, where they were treated to one of the best dinners available in Europe, only slightly marred by an after-dinner speech from Robert Bauman, chief executive of SmithKline Beecham.

There followed a glittering array of lectures, lunches, etc, but what made this freebie special was the guest speaker on 30 March: Mr Tim Yeo, patriotic under secretary of state at the department of health. Mr Yeo spoke for about 25 minutes on "The Health of the Nation", which was almost as long as the coffee break that followed.

The health department defended Mr Yeo's participation by asserting: "Tim Yeo attaches great value and importance to speaking at this conference". But why in Paris? The department argued: "The venue is more convenient and requires a shorter absence from the office than many English venues, including Newcastle". The flight time from Heathrow to Paris is one hour five minutes — five minutes less than the flight time to Newcastle.



ROTTEN BOROUGHS

MURKEYSIDE

DESPITE going on Frostie's chatshow two days after his acquittal on fraud charges at Mold crown court, Derek Hatton has yet to make further media appearances to protest at his seemingly malicious prosecution.

Such silence is unusual from someone who thrives in the media spotlight, and the most likely explanation for it is that Hatton is still under the shadow of the "ongoing" Operation Cheetah investigation into local government corruption, conducted by Murkeyside Fraud Squad which, despite spending millions of pounds of public money, has only turned over someone fiddling an electricity meter.

Inspector Knacker claims to be making further investigations into five serious cases of fraud, and hopes Degsy will continue to help with inquiries. But surely the police aren't considering prosecuting him *again* after the debacle at Mold? "Don't you be too sure," is the apparently surprising reply coming from certain well-placed Knackers!

The coppers are also anxious to know the identity of the 200 or so "friends" who attended Degsy's post-trial celebration. Throughout their 3½-year investigation they couldn't find a single friend, other than those who stood beside him in the dock!

HOVE

SPOILSPORT councillors on geriatric, Tory-run Hove council have not been playing ball with their most notable local institution, Brighton and Hove Albion football club.

The slumbering second division team, with debts approaching £4 million (including more than £250,000 owed to the Inland Revenue), wants to sell its Goldstone Ground stadium, a prime piece of real estate — prime for Hove, anyway — half a mile from the town centre, and move to a new plot five miles away.

Interest from superstore chains in buying the land has increased its value from £1.5 million to £4 million, and the club wants to borrow against this sum to build a new ground. The bank will process the loan as long as the council gives planning permission. And there's the problem: despite its strong Conservative make-up, Hove council keeps rejecting the club's entrepreneurially-minded applications for a new ground, pointing to potential traffic problems at the new stadium site.

This has confused club officials who point to previous town hall reports from both the borough and county councils' highways departments admitting that the new site presented no traffic problems.

Hove is also claiming that there could be unwelcome extra noise caused by cars using new superstores built on the Goldstone Ground site. Funny how councillors didn't spot this problem when giving permission for a new Sainsbury's Homebase store which recently opened only 400 yards away. A stroke of luck, that, for the Conservative MP for the Hove area, one Tim Sainsbury.

CHICHESTER

HOUSEHOLDERS in Chichester, West Sussex, should be wary as their conniving borough's council tax bills arrive.

The owners of one local property, Wellington House, found themselves in tax band C, owing £403 council tax for 1993-94. Correspondence from the town hall had, however, been addressed to Waterloo Farm Cottage, the property's previous name which had been changed with the council's knowledge four years ago.

Naturally the owners wrote back to the council, thanking them for their attractively-priced bill, but pointing out that their property was known as Wellington House. They shouldn't have bothered: the council sent them a fresh bill for Wellington House in tax band G at £756 as well.

Chichester householders, especially those whose homes have names rather than numbers, may well wonder whether council officers and their hired valuation officers are banding properties with respect to the house's value — or the desirability of its name.

BIRMINGHAM

SELF-STYLED liberator of Birmingham's black population, Nancy Johnson, is preparing the barricades as accountants and lawyers comb the accounts of the city's most politically correct housing association.

Johnson, head of the city council's women's unit, was until last week chairman of Harambee, a housing association set up to provide homes mainly for Afro-Caribbeans (see *Eyes passim*).

She has been suspended after a series of bizarre revelations over the way it was run, including:

- The death from meningitis of a schizophrenic woman in a hostel for which Harambee had won massive payments from the department of social security, by pretending it was an intensive care home. Jennifer Cope died untended and her body lay undiscovered in her room for weeks.
- The discovery of debts of £250,000 in uncollected rent, mortgage arrears, unpaid electricity, gas and other bills.
- A mass of expense and allowance claims by Nancy Johnson, who was supposed to be unsalaried.
- A series of unusual appointments, including that of Yvonne McEwan, the former officer in charge at the once-notorious and now closed Highgate Close children's home, where girls in care formed strangely close links with businessmen from the adjacent Balsall Heath red light area. While working for Harambee, McEwan was also receiving a salary from Birmingham social services.

The Housing Corporation, the government quango that supervises housing associations, has been seeking revenge on Johnson ever since its executives were held prisoner at Harambee's Handsworth HQ by a gang of her black activists during a meeting called to persuade her to resign.

Patricia Scotland, Britain's first black woman QC, was called in to conduct the investigation, and corporation managers have passed their findings to Birmingham city council, where senior managers in the community services department are gleefully sharpening their knives. The antics of the women's unit have annoyed them for years, but any attempt to investigate the city's most senior black woman could have caused such major problems that no one dared to try. Now, with another black woman doing the dirty work, no one can complain — except senior councillors who have been heard to ask why no one in the city thought of it before.

ROCHDALE

FOLLOWING the tale of Rochdale Labour councillor Peter Thomson's alleged harassment of a female council tenant (*Eye* 814) comes news of a more serious misdemeanour from the wind-swept council benches concerning Liberal councillor John Heyworth.

Bolton crown court recently convicted Heyworth of indecently assaulting a 15-year-old girl and fined him £500 with £250 costs. At the time, Heyworth was a member of the council's children's subcommittee.

Despite his conviction, Heyworth refused to resign from the committee, even though members are obliged to visit council children's homes. He even received backing from council leader Paul Rowen and ex-Rochdale MP Sir Cyril Smith, although one wonders whether they would have been quite so fulsome in their praise for a Labour or Tory councillor.

Yet support for Heyworth, even from those on high, wasn't enough. He quit the children's subcommittee only a few days before the committee was itself disbanded by the council. Heyworth remains adamant that he is keeping his council seat. Expect a by-election soon...

SHEFFIELD

TACTLESS councillors in Sheffield have found an outrageous way to thank the thousands of council staff who have taken a voluntary pay cut to ease the council's financial burden... they have generously increased their own attendance allowances.

The council is millions of pounds in debt following losses of more than £20 million in staging the 1991 world student games, and it will be paying interest charges on a host of new sports stadiums long after the buildings have fallen down. But after hearing how council rubbishmen and road sweepers had gallantly relinquished £8 or so from their already-miserable paypackets to help keep the bailiffs out of Sheffield town hall, councillors voted themselves above-inflation increases, which they will receive out of a £261,000 fund whether or not they attend meetings.

To add to the insult they also voted to borrow £13,000 from next year's budget as a top-up if they run out of expenses in the forthcoming year. Those explaining away the increased allowances as "only a couple of pounds a week" are the same councillors who voted themselves out-of-pocket expenses for attending world student games fiasco sporting events.

Bankers

MORE light falls on how little value banks and building societies place on their smaller "customers".

Anne Hardiment banked at a London branch of Lloyds, and last year, during a temporary spell of unemployment, ran up a £350 overdraft. She agreed she would repay it over a number of months once she had secured a new job, but when she returned to work she decided to minimise her overheads and avoid charges by repaying the overdraft all at once.

Imagine Miss Hardiment's surprise when she received a letter saying: "Thank you for the recent credit which has now cleared your overdraft. It would now be in your best interest to arrange to bank elsewhere. You should make new arrangements to pay any standing orders or direct debits and inform your new employer of your new banking details." Lloyds was no longer interested in running the account and a cheque for the balance it contained was included.

Had Miss Hardiment ever done anything other than run up that overdraft? It was possible, she told me, that she had been overdrawn a couple of years ago, but that was simply a question of two cheques crossing. Did she consider her present job a steady one? Yes, but it was only part-time so the bank account was not going to be very full. Miss Hardiment is now doing the decent thing and taking her money well away from Lloyds.

Letters

I(B)M-peach

Sir,

The readers of your comment on "The joy of Wessex" (Friday 26 March) might form the impression that I used my position as chief executive of the NHS management board on secondment from IBM to forward that company's interests.

At the time of the invitation to join the board my position was fully discussed, and ministers agreed that I should be informed by the department of health of any orders won by IBM and that I would certify on each occasion that I had played no part in that organisation's success, so providing me with some protection against such accusations or insinuations. I followed this procedure scrupulously and I also excluded myself from all computer discussions or negotiations which might be misinterpreted as open to my influence. Unfortunately, accusations by innuendo do arise from time to time. In one such case in October 1992, and after an exchange of correspondence, the BRITISH JOURNAL OF HEALTHCARE COMPUTING *accepted "that [my] involvement in RISP was entirely without impropriety is now taken for granted and any indication... to the contrary was wholly unintentional".*

You also state that as chairman of the Police Complaints Authority I may have had something to do with the recent appointment to that authority of Beryl Wallis, also ex-IBM. Your research is as bad as your opinion. Beryl Wallis took office on 29 April 1991 I became chairman on 1 August 1992.

Yours sincerely,
SIR LEONARD PEACH,

Police Complaints Authority, London SW1.

Steeple fun

Sir,

Piloti tells half a tale (26 March). He doesn't say that the new church centre for St Ann's, Warrington, will be where it's needed rather than, like the present "prodigy" church, cut off by a trunk road and surrounded on three sides by a brewery.

He doesn't even begin to address why church members would prefer to give toward a new church in the right place, with more facilities for use by the community, than to keep going a building usable only for worship a few hours each week.

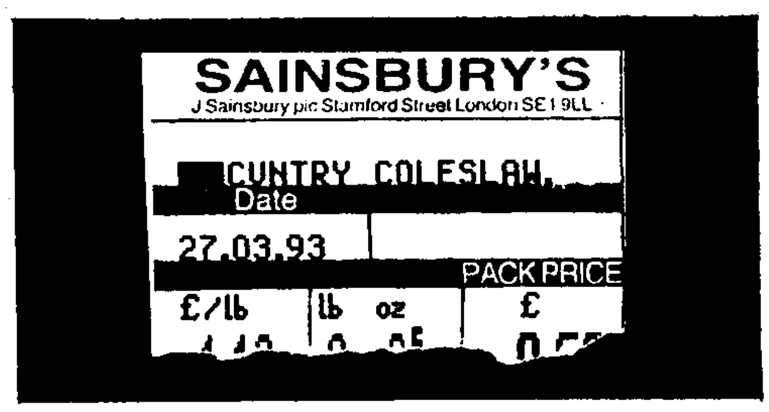
Half a tale, and half a joke too. The church that sent us a £25 donation had sent the first donation in 1865 to build the present church, after the then vicar preached for them. I asked (and got) my £25 for the new church by promising not to go and preach.

"Piloti" needs to get a grip on grim reality. One contributing factor to lower attendances in the Church of England is that good Christian people move to churches where their gifts go to Christian work rather than being poured away on inappropriate old buildings.

Perhaps the EYE *could relocate here and preserve it? Failing that, I'll happily receive donations either for maintaining the present building or toward building the new.*

(REV) STEVE PARISH,

Warrington.



Head case

Sir,

It was with some surprise that I read your comments on the Wykehamists vs the M3 affair.

After many years spent in teaching — some of them, I had better admit before anyone else points it out, at Winchester — my mind boggles at the thought of any headmaster so irresponsible as to permit young boys in his charge to expose themselves deliberately to the tender mercies of burly security "minders" and police, for whatever good reason. I should certainly not have allowed it.

Had the head taken the opposite course, you would, I am sure, with your usual even-handedness, have lambasted him for expecting children to whom he stands in loco parentis to pull his chestnuts out of the fire for him.

Yours etc.,
STANLEY PAYNE,

Kingsworthy, Hants.

Floppy

Sir,

So anyone who programs computers is a "thickwit", eh? The only people who are "thickwits" are the people who think that computers should be infallible and that mistakes made are the fault of the machine or the people directly connected with operating that machine. It's a pity that "In the Back" seems to think that the best way to bring attention to a serious problem in unvalidated software is to insult the people in the industry who have been pointing out the folly of unvalidated software being used in safety-critical environments.

Yours,
D.J. WALKER-MORGAN,

London.

Lookalike

Smith **Thaw**

Monsieur,

Avez any de votre readers remarque le resemblance extraordinaire between John Thaw et Godfrey Smith, le Sunday Times columniste?

Est que ils on related? Je think que nous should be told.

ANDREW WALSH,

Alvechurch, Birmingham.

Sheikh up-graded

Sir,

Your correspondent (EYE *816) rightly points out the blatant racist stereotyping of Arabs in the American media.*

Sadly though, he is not exempt from doing a bit of stereotyping himself. By equating the courageous blind Islamic scholar Sheikh Omar Abdul-Rahman with other American-resident "loonies" he does the sheikh a great disservice.

Is Sheikh Omar's call for an end to Mubarak's dictatorial rule in Egypt an example of his "loonie" behaviour? Is Sheikh Omar's call for an end to Egyptian state repression and its security forces to stop sexually abusing women prisoners an example of his "loonie" behaviour?

Islamic leaders like Sheikh Omar have called for freedom for the Muslim world. Strangely though, the US, which would have us believe that it is the leader of the free world and the promoter of freedom and democracy, has consistently strengthened its relationship with tyrants in the Muslim world: Saddam in Iraq, Suharto in Indonesia, the Shah in Iran...

Does the West support democracy for everyone except the Muslims?

Yours sincerely,
MR INAYAT BUNGLAWALA,

Member of the Human Rights Committee of the Muslim Parliament, Ilford, Essex.

BA humbug

Sir,

With a few saintly exceptions, public relations can be a pretty tawdry trade. It is with some gratification, therefore, that I note that Richard Branson's mouthpiece, Will Whitehorn, lays at my door no more than the accusation that I suggested that Virgin was having to pay cash for its fuel.

Almost right. That was a story I was asked to promote as fact by British Airways. I refused to do so as it was entirely unsubstantiated. I told Nick Rufford of the SUNDAY TIMES *that it was BA gossip, and that it should be checked with the oil companies.*

I do not know whether or not Rufford attempted to check the story. I doubt it because at the time he was trying to set me up following a tip from Sir Colin Marshall's henchman, guru and friend, Michael Levin that Lord King was prepared to countenance illegal action in his determination to do Branson down.

Levin was either lying or mistaken, but Rufford was not to know that and was understandably excited given that Levin though a mere "consultant" had such influence over Marshall that he was viewed by many as the next most powerful person in BA to Marshall. It must have been his excitement which caused Rufford to stoop from his normal lofty standards and resort (like worm Hutchins of TODAY *newspaper) to the use of a secret tape recorder. Rufford at least seems to have thought up his own questions unlike Worm for whom, at a weekend briefing session at his London house, Branson wrote out a list of questions. Rufford also seems to have hung on to his tape. Hutchins by contrast trotted back to Branson with his tape immediately following the interview.*

As to my report, it was prepared from raw data and to a tight budget. I would be surprised if there were not some mistakes but the nub of it is that as long ago as 1990, as a result of my researches, I predicted that Richard Branson would sell his music business. He consistently denied that he would do so right up to the time he sold it. Branson has challenged the report only in the most general terms. As far as I am concerned it stands in substance.

As to writs against Thames TV; well, I did consider suing them prior to British Airways' action against me. The enemy has now changed its face.

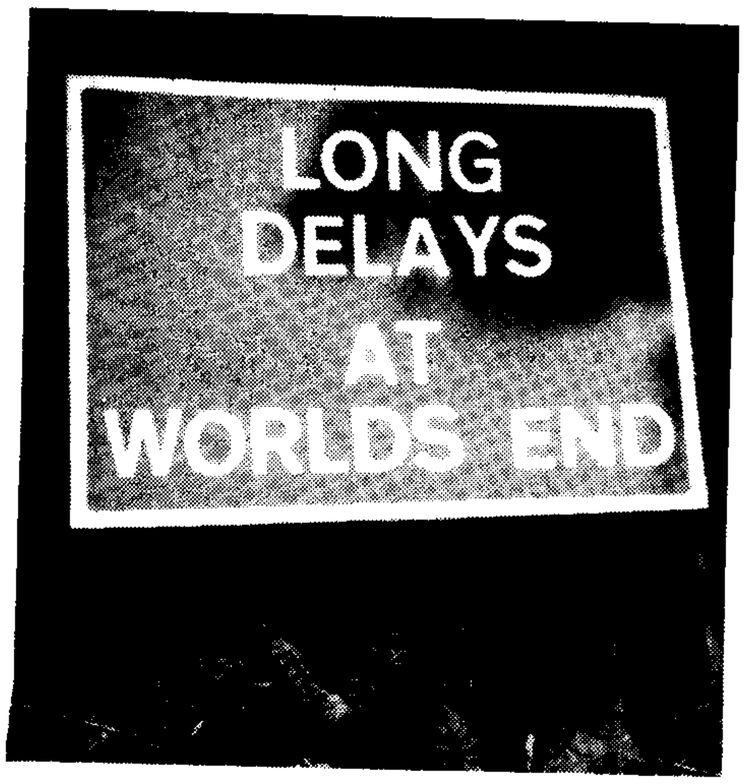
Yours with blessings,
ST BRIAN (BASHAM).

Warwick Corporate, London EC1.

● ***Views expressed in letters from readers are not necessarily shared by the editor. Particularly not if they come from Mr Basham.***

I-SPY

World's End, Llangollen, Clwyd



Submitted by M. Jones. £10 paid for similar submissions. *(SAE required for return of photographs. No transparencies.)*

Coal debunker

Sir,

I must congratulate you for publishing the letter by G.E. Gaines ("Smoke Alarm", EYE 815). It contains the first truthful words on nuclear power I have ever read in PRIVATE EYE, *which seems to accept with unquestioning docility all the prevailing anti-nuclear superstitions.*

I wonder why Mr Gaines did not mention the fact that coal stations release more radioactive materials into the environment than nuclear ones, including radium which is more dangerous than plutonium — the radiation from the coal stations is much longer lasting than that from the nuclear stations. I also wonder why he did not mention the fact that hospitals in Britain pose a massively greater radiation threat to the public than nuclear power stations.

Yours faithfully,
A.R. KENNY,

Richards Bay, South Africa.

Vanguards

Sir,

I'm glad someone else found the case of the Egyptian Two highly amusing — if not very "sheikhy" (geddit?)

The idea that a bomber would return four times to collect the deposit on the van he'd blown up along with the Trade Centre is of course entirely credible. As is the claim that the bomber was traced from fragments of the van's number plate, which of course had miraculously survived the explosion!

It seems that the British justice system still has a lot to learn from the Americans and their immensely superior forensic technology — roll on the next "Irish 50".

Yours with a chuckle,
AMANDA SMITH,

London NW1.

Chunnel tele-vision

Sir,

*Your West Country correspondent appears to have misinformed you on one aspect of the WC-TV story (*EYE *816).*

FR3 is not a "Brittany-based French broadcaster" but the old name of France 3, one of two public service networks covering that country. It has a strong regional component, somewhat along the lines of ITV, and this may be where the confusion arose.

However, in common with public service broadcasters the world over, it is short of funds and therefore extremely unlikely to have the kind of money needed to buy a meaningful stake in any TV franchise. Perhaps your informant confused it with one of the French water utilities; Générale des Eaux or Lyonnaise des Eaux, with media investments.

Even so, their profits largely come from effluent of a rather different sort to that apparently offered the folk of south-west England.

Yours sincerely,
LEO MAZUR,

London W6.

Tracked down

Sir,

Recently the government has shown a sudden willingness to pay for the Chunnel link. Recently, too, some indication has been given of possible depredations being made on the BR pension fund. Is it perverse of me to think that there may be, here, another, er, Link?

Yours faithfully,
P. STANDEN,

Edinburgh.

Colemanballs

£10 paid for contributions

"The Thatcher household did not spend 24 hours a day discussing politics over the early morning tea."
CAROL THATCHER
(P.S. O'Conor)

"I've played him a few times and he's a very tough kettle of fish."
STEVE DAVIS, ITV
(Bradley Dillon)

Ann Diamond: *Toy theatres, what are they called?*
Guest: *Toy theatres...*
BBC
(Richard Parsons)

"I was insufficiently insensitive to the concerns of staff."
JOHN BIRT, BBC
(Dave Trott)

"It's almost like a guillotine... the trap door opens and you're gone."
KEN LIVINGSTONE, BBC
(Mike Crowley)

HOM SAP

BY DAVID AUSTIN

WE TO THE BEST SHOW IN TOWN TICKETS WANT.
TOURIST INFORMATION
COLOSSEUM, WITH A CHANCE TO GO BACK STAGE.
TICKET
WO SITZEN WIR?
WO SIND DIE LÖWEN?
CLANG!
WHERE DO WE SIT?
WHERE ARE THE LIONS?

Letter from **Algiers**

from Our Own Correspondent

IS REPRESSION by our secular regime fuelling, rather than controlling, militant Islamic fundamentalism?

Many ask that question following the worst attack on security forces since emergency rule was decreed in our thinly veiled coup in February last year. Last month 18 soldiers died when barracks south of Algiers were attacked by Islamic extremists with the help of an accomplice in the armed forces. Twenty three "Muslim terrorists" were then hunted down and killed, according to paramilitary sources, but many more will take their place while the state continues to attack the symptoms, rather than the causes, of support for fundamentalism.

Overwhelming frustration is felt by a majority at a system that has failed us. Many, particularly the young, who make up well over half our population, have no jobs, prospects or even homes. As many as 18 people live in two-room flats in down-town Algiers, sometimes sleeping by rota. A year after emergency rule, conditions have not improved.

It was to avert the phantom of an Islamic state that the army carried out its "coup" in January last year, blocking a legal victory by the Islamic Salvation Front (FIS). But the nightmare of an eventual Islamic state still looms.

Some senior military strategists argue that technical repression alone against Islamic supporters is not the answer, calling instead for the cooption of the huge and passively hostile Muslim electorate via moderate religious politicians by making some concessions and trying to wean them from their hardline sponsors. But their views have been overruled by hardline anti-Islamists, who recently made the regime to "postpone" talks with the two moderate Islamic parties, Hamas and Ennahda.

Officially the new line is more repression, a policy most thinking Algerians believe is counterproductive and a mark of desperation. The army-backed High State Council (HCE) has just severed diplomatic links with Iran, accused of funding armed extremists, and withdrawn its ambassador from Sudan, seen as the mastermind behind pan-Islamism. It has also announced "stiffer" measures against terrorism — possibly introducing a state of seige and bringing the army back on to the streets — after three prominent civilians were gunned down here two weeks ago. Their murders — like hundreds of others — were attributed to a hardline faction of the Algerian Islamic Movement (MIA), the armed wing of the Islamic Salvation Front, which was cheated of its electoral victory.

Meanwhile a fierce power struggle is taking place within the armed forces, led by General Khaled Nezzar, the strong-man defence minister who is trying to purge closet fundamentalists from the army. He holds them responsible for a number of attacks, including an assassination attempt on him. He is expected to win, and major reshuffles are expected in army posts soon.

But the crackdown is as unlikely to quell fundamentalist fervour as the detention of around 9,000 Islamic suspects in camps in the Sahara, or the return of torture and the death penalty: six men accused of military attacks on the state have been executed this year; more than 70 are on death row.

While Algeria is divided between the silent majority who support fundamentalism even though their party has been dissolved, and the educated middle class and substantial Berber population who oppose, sometimes fanatically, any concession to fundamentalism, the regime is so deeply discredited it cannot capitalise on the outrage felt by many at the continuing violence. Installed by force, few consider it has legitimacy; and even those who supported it at first are fed up with the endless austerity, curfews, roadblocks, police checks and nightly bombings in the capital.

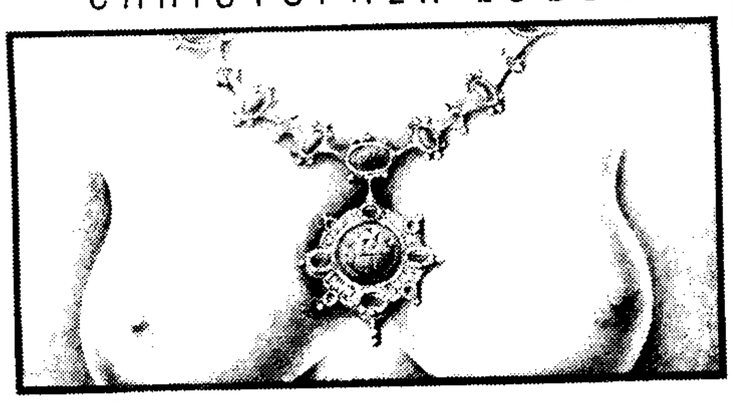
Most serious of all, the government has failed to turn around the economy — the main cause of support for Islamic fundamentalism — despite enormous potential oil and gas wealth. The main problem is our foreign debt of $26 billion, which accounts for three-quarters of foreign earnings, leaving no money to buy raw materials for industry.

The regime has embarked on a "dialogue" with opposition groups to garner political support and legitimacy, but everyone save the discredited National Liberation Front have refused to be tainted by association with the regime. They are also critical of the agenda which is restricted to the constitution and the transitional period up to presidential elections in 1995 rather than the real challenges — the social and economic crisis and a genuine move to democracy.

TRUE STORIES

CHRISTOPHER LOGUE

BERT KITCHEN



DURING her interview, Mrs Gillian Wotah, the 57-year-old Mayor of Bremeton Vale, declared: "I see nothing incompatible between my office and my being a stripteaser. By day I wear my chain and robes, but by night I peel for adoring crowds. I work hotels, pubs, and rugby clubs — but only in the interests of charity. I started stripping by accident. I was trying to think of a leaving present for my colleagues. So I stripped to cheer them up. Some locals don't like my doing it, but the Town Council gave me the all-clear as long as I do nothing to bring the Vale into disrepute."

THE Mayor of Manila, Alfredo S. Lim, has ordered his police chief, Colonel Vegas Emily Balthazar, to round up the squad of bottled urine sellers. "These notorious business people hang about our Customs and Health Department selling urine samples to those seeking jobs overseas. The matter came to light when Captain Ayokong Morena, who was applying for a job as security adviser to a chain of Venezuelan night clubs, submitted a quarter of a pint of fresh urine for which he paid $200 but was turned down because it proved him to be a pregnant woman."

"OUR candidates feel a need to excite the electorate," said Dr Tanna Ustal, Chief Returning Officer for the State of Meghalaya, N. India. "One of the most effective vote-getters is to adopt a famous name as a prefix to the candidates' own names. For example, this year we have Josef Stalin Ram, Count Dracula Armal, three President Mitterrands, two Mao Tse Tungs, one 'Mr Don't Know', two Princess Dianas and one Pope John. Our Prime Minister P.V. Narasimha Rao, who will be visiting us on polling day, has agreed to call on voters to support Adolf Hitler Marak and King Kong Who's Who Momin. We are expecting a big turnout."

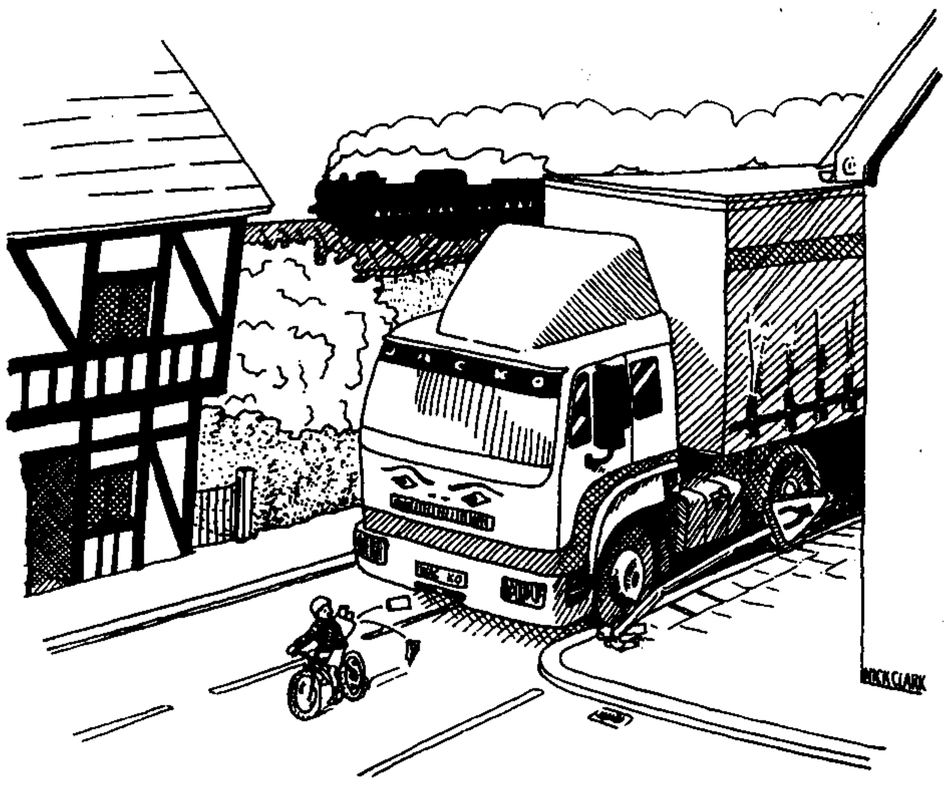
A FRENCH tourist, Mr Jacques Osman, is to prosecute the owners of the Paradise Sanctuary for Protected Animals at Kotaakinabulu, Malaysia. His lawyer, Mrs K.G. Bernama, said: "M. Osman was walking in a so-called 'secure area' of the sanctuary when he was stripped naked by a six-year-old orang-utan. My client is a man of courage. He thought it best to stand absolutely still so as not to anger the orang-utan. But when the beast had finished stripping him and began to scamper off into the wooded part of the sanctuary, M. Osman could stand no more and, naked as he was, chased the orang-utan while giving cries of anger. While he as chasing the animal he was seen by a group of schoolchildren on a nature outing and so was doubly humiliated by their laughter."

THE WAREHOUSE Trading Corporation have sent an apology to Mr and Mrs John Neilson, the owners of the Neilson Superstore. In it they said: "We were more than satisfied with your Superstore as a sales premises, and we are sorry that by accident we used some footage of the fire that burned it to the ground last week with which to advertise our new range of Red Hot Bargains on prime-time television."

INFORMATION: Western Mail 19.2.93; Philippine Times 19.2.93; Jakarta Post 3.2.93; New Straits Times 21.2.93; New Zealand News 16.12.92.
MONITORS: Nick Markovits, Janice Brazil, Simon Sholl, Arthur Davies, Mary Ann Ebert.

THOMAS

THE PRIVATISED TANK ENGINE



Thomas on the level playing field

"NOW remember, Thomas," said the Fat Controller. "We can only keep this contract if we beat the lorries on price, speed, price, reliability, and price. I want you to do your very best."

Thomas remembered those words at midnight when he backed onto his trucks. Jacko the Juggernaut purred arrogantly alongside.

"You don't stand a chance," said Thomas. "Each of my 35 wagons holds nearly 100 tons, but you're only allowed less than 38 by law."

"Oh, I always take much more than 38 tons," replied Jacko.

"We're bound to win on speed, too. I mean you're restricted to 30 mph on much of your route, aren't you?" asked Thomas.

"Pah! My driver's bloody skilful, you know."

Passing through the first village, Jacko had to mount the pavement, cracking paving stones and bending a road sign. "The council will pay for that," he laughed.

At the next hamlet a war veteran had a heart attack when Jacko passed by just a few yards from his bed. The man thought the Luftwaffe was bombing his bedroom.

As dawn broke, Jacko flattened a small boy delivering newspapers on his bicycle.

Later Thomas passed Jacko as he waited at a set of temporary traffic lights. "Bloody gas board," growled Jacko. "Why do they keep digging up the road to get at fractured mains?"

"Must add a small fortune to gas bills," agreed Thomas.

The next time they met up, Thomas was resting in a passing loop. "Just waiting for a fresh driver," explained Thomas. "Surely it's legally time your driver took a rest too? We've been going well over eight hours."

"We don't bother with that. My driver's got lots of experience — he's been in the game for eight months, you know." Jacko accelerated onto the motorway slip road.

Shortly afterwards, Thomas heard a distant bang. Jacko had smashed into a motorway pile-up, the fireball from his highly flammable load instantly incinerating all the people in the vicinity.

"WELL done, Thomas," said the Fat Controller as Thomas took a well-earned lie-in next morning. "You did your best. But they beat us on price."

"Well, couldn't we accept less profit? I mean, eight per cent is a bit much during a recession. Jacko would be happy with one per cent."

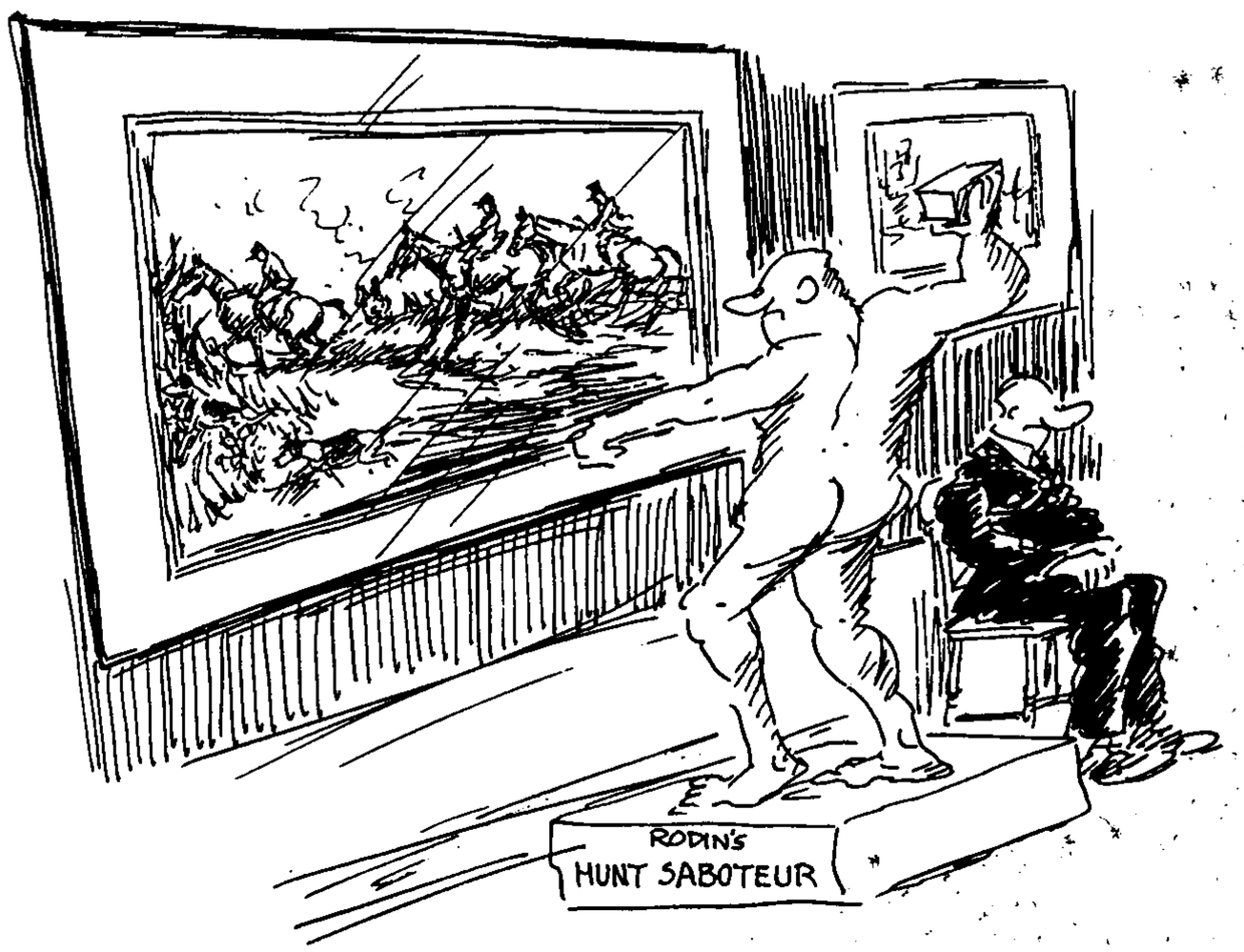
"No, Thomas. The Grey Controller has said we must make eight per cent on our operating, maintenance and capital costs, or else give up the service to the lorries."

"One other thing," said Thomas as the Fat Controller turned to go. "What's that hissing noise I keep hearing?"

"Oxyacetylene torches."

"What's being cut up?"

"Those trucks you had yesterday. Can't afford to keep surplus equipment during a recession. Goodbye, Thomas."



The Secret Diary of John Major aged 47¾

Monday

I was very interested to see in the Daily Telegraph this morning that I am 50. In cricketing terms, this is called a half-century and, as I pointed out to my wife Norman, "I am not out!" "Not *yet," she* replied with one of her funny looks. "But I have a special surprise for you," she went on. "We are going to celebrate your birthday with a two-day Awayday Super Saver Mid-Week Spring Offer in the Lake District." "Oh dear," I said. "That is a very pleasant and nice prospect but I have a full list of engagements. E.g. lunch with Mr Gummer to discuss fish. Then coffee with Mr Heseltine who is going to brief me on his decision not to close the pits until the fuss has died down. And at 4pm Mr Waldegrave is coming in with the plans for his new charters on the Chunnel link and the privatising of the Forestry Commission or Treeforce as it is called."

Norma was in no small degree annoyed and told me to cancel all my meetings. I told her that I could not possibly do such a thing but Mr O'Donnell came in and did it for me. He said that it would be very good for the two of us to go off alone with a photographer to the Lake District. "Just relax and have your picture taken," he recommended, adding that Mr Hurd would be perfectly capable of "minding the shop". "There is no need for you to hurry back," he said, "and all the Cabinet feel the same."

Tuesday

The Lake District certainly lives up to its name! We have seen a not inconsiderable number of lakes already and we have only been here for a few hours! After breakfast I told Norman that I was going for a walk to try to empty my mind. "That won't take long," she said. On my walk I saw some very pretty daffodils, which I told Norman about over our elevenses in the Wordsworth Lounge. "I suppose you were lonely as a cloud," she said, which I thought was a very odd thing to say, as I had not been lonely at all.

It was a very nice day though rather long, because it rained. There was only one other couple in the hotel, an American professor and his wife, who joined us for coffee and mints in the lounge. "What do you do?" he asked me, which I thought was a very good joke for an American! I asked him of he knew my new friend Mr Clinton, but he did not. This proves that I do have a special relationship with Mr Clinton compared to many other people. The Professor and I played Scrabble. Norman went to bed early saying that she had to put the clocks forward.

Wednesday

It is very nice to be back at my desk. While I was away a lot of birthday presents had arrived, including a very snazzy German biro from my friend Herr Kohl in the shape of a V-1 rocket with the words "Wilkommen nach Maastricht" on it in gold letters. He is obviously wishing me luck with my historic vote on Clause 27. Or Clause 75 as it is called. When we had our Cabinet meeting I was disappointed that several of my ministers asked me which way we were meant to vote on this vital Clause.

"You should not have to ask me this question," I told them in my stern Eurostatesman voice.

Mr Howard, who is supposed to be a clever lawyer, then said: "Well, what is the answer?"

"The answer," I said, putting him firmly in his place, "is to ask Mr Hurd."

They all laughed at poor Mr Howard and then Mr Gummer told us how the fish war against France had ended in total victory. Mr Waldegrave brought in the Perrier Water for us and pointed out in his toffee-nosed way that it was France which had won the victory.

I tried to end the discussion with a suitable quotation from Trollope who is my favourite author but I could not because I haven't read any of his books.

I did however go to see him buried this week in Poets' Corner in Westminster Abbey. Norma Lamont said he had seen me on the lunchtime news.

"I can't imagine you tucked up in bed with a Trollope," he said.

Everyone laughed again at this silly remark and Norma had to cover his face with an old copy of the New Statesman.

Thursday

Sir Norman Fowler, who is Chairman of the Party, came in to say that he had some very bad news about the Newbury by-election.

"Have we lost it?" I asked.

"Not yet, Prime Minister," he said. "But we have had a little bit of a set-back. We wanted your friend Mr Morples to be the candidate. But they have rejected him."

"Why?" I said. "He is very respectable, grey-haired and used to be a Treasury Minister."

"Exactly," said Sir Norman. "They said the party had had quite enough of people like that. But it doesn't really matter, because the Liberals are going to win anyway."

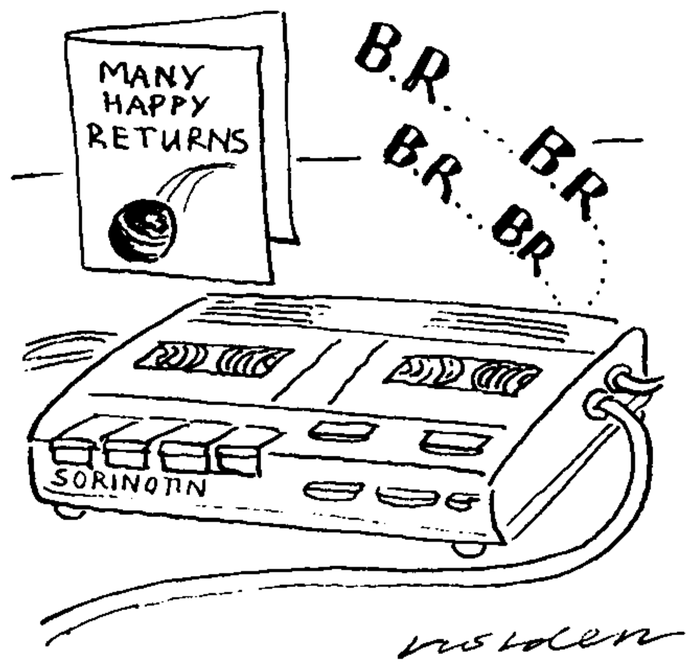
"But that will be terrible, won't it?" I said.

"No, Prime Minister, because they are much more in favour of your Maastricht policy than the Conservative Party."

What a clever man Sir Norman is, and how lucky I am that he is not spending more time with his family!

Friday

I was very considerably surprised to find that I was alone at the Cabinet



meeting this morning. There were a number of messages on my ansaphone saying that, due to the train strike, all my colleagues were working from home, which is what Mr McGregor had advised. This is very odd in my judgement since all Ministers have special cars which is the whole point of being a Cabinet Minister. After half an hour of opening some more presents, including a red, white and blue biro from M. Mitterrand in the shape of a fish with the words "Bienvenu à Euro-Disney", I heard the familiar sound of clanking bottles. It was Mr Lamont, who came in with a plastic bag marked Thresher, saying: "I'm sorry I'm late, Prime Minister. I was delayed at Paddington."

"But I thought there were no trains today?" I said.

"Who said anything about trains?" he replied. "I have been researching the impact of my recent budget on the price of wines and tobaccos."

He certainly never gives up, although he may have to soon!

Monday

It is now exactly a year since I won the election. "The weak are a long time in politics," said Mr Hurd but, as usual, he had got the quotation wrong.

"I'd like to exchange this Old Testament for a New Testament"

NICK DOWNES

THAT BOTTOMLEY 'CARE IN THE COMMUNITY' PLAN IN FULL

by Our Caring Staff **Polly Technic**

1. From today all responsibility for caring will be left to local authorities.

2. All money to local authorities will be cut.

3. Everybody will look after themselves.

4. Er...

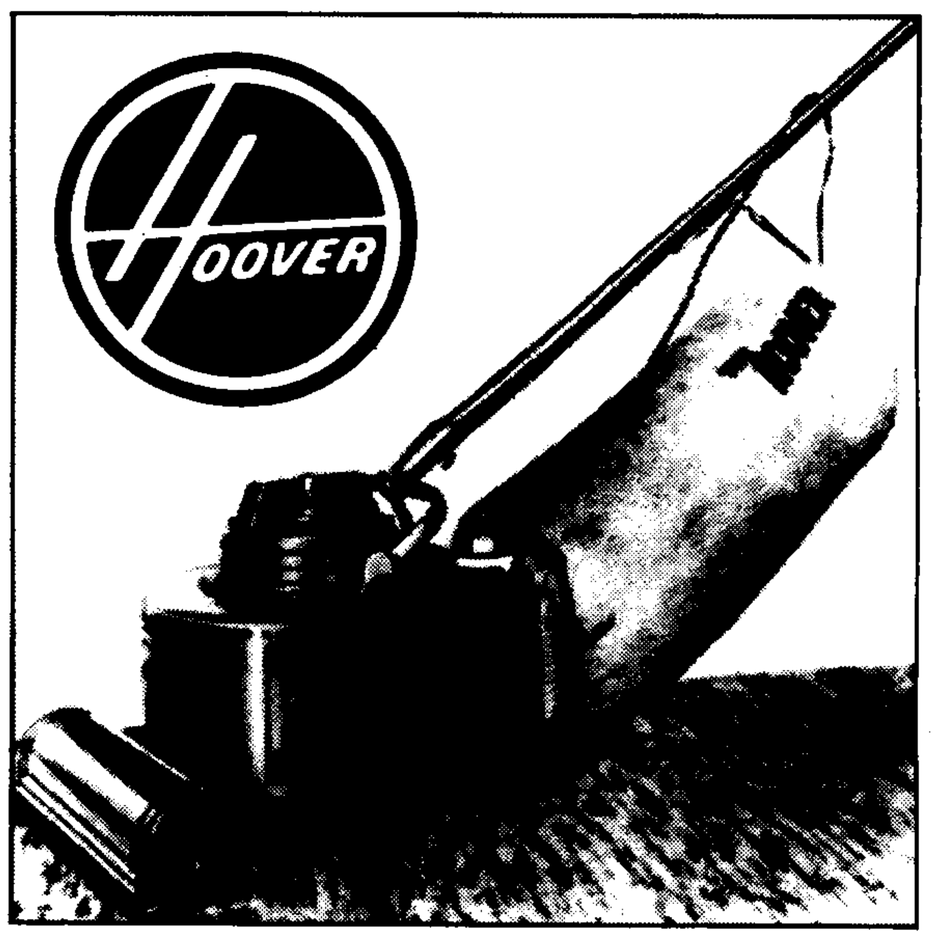
5. That's it.

At a press conference, Mrs Bottomley praised her new plan, saying that it contained "more points, more words, more proposals, and was more user-friendly than any other previous plan". "In real terms," she said, "this plan marks another tremendous milestone in our plan to have more milestones by the year 2000."

"There's someone coming through. Harry? Harry Stokes? I thought you were down here with us, Harry..."

The Year's Most Amazing Offer!!!

A FREE Hoover Given Away With Each Copy Of Private Eye Sold



THIS fantastic state-of-the-art Hoover, complete with auto-reversible dust sensor, self-emptying brush feeder system, and powered by ozone-friendly solar cells, has a recommended retail price of £25,612.

The last word in carpet-cleaning technology will be yours when you buy a copy of *Private Eye* for 80p.

Our accountants tell us we must be barmy.

But we say we're in a happy holiday mood — and, besides, we're desperate to unload a few copies of the world's "favourite" magazine on unwary punters!

To obtain your free Hoover, simply fill in this form.

NAME . . . . . .

ADDRESS . . . . . .

. . . . . .

CREDIT CARD No. . . . . . .

I enclose one copy of Private Eye. I think Private Eye is the world's "favourite" magazine because . . . . . .

Offer closes yesterday

Lines To Commemorate The 150th Martell Grand National

by William Rees-MacGonagall

'Twas in the year nineteen hundred and ninety-three
That a disaster befell the Grand National at Aintree.
Thirty-nine horses lined up for the off
Before an enormous crowd comprising both ordinary punter and toff.

To begin, the veteran horse Red Rum was paraded before the stand
And everyone agreed "Isn't life just grand?" *(copyright P. McKay, S. Times)*

As the clock ticked on to the start at three-fifty
Several of the bookies began to look shifty
As they thought of the £15 million that they were hoping to make
As the result of their unprecedented record take.
The first sign that things were not going right
Was when a group of animal demonstrators hove into sight.

They cried out that Aintree was one of the cruellest courses,
Resulting in much misery to the poor innocent horses.
Swiftly, however, the police did intervene
And dragged the anoraked do-gooders from the scene.
So at last the horses were ready to begin,
And the Queen Mother at home no doubt took a wee sip of gin.

Now the starter as a signal dropped his flag
And the tape flew up, nearly strangling both rider and nag.
"False start!" cried Brown, the starter, in his bowler hat.
And fortunately most of the riders were able to hear that.
So they returned to try again once more
Although the punters considered it a bit of a bore
(And so did the famous jockey Mr Peter Scudamore).

At precisely 4.03 the horses set off once again,
Bringing relief to Aintree spokesman Nigel Payne *(Who he? Ed)*
But Oh Alas! And Alack-a-Day!
Once again the elasticated tape had got in the way!
Yet once more Mr Brown took out his flag of red
But what happened next caused many a tear to be shed.

For the vital flag failed to unfurl
And the horses continued in their headlong whirl.
The Recall Man waited for a signal in vain
But all that he could see was that it had started to rain.
By this time half of the field was away
Whilst the other riders had given up in dismay.

And so a farcical race was run.
I use the word 'farcical' because no one won.
Poor jockey John White, who rode the 'winner', Esha Ness,
Ended up in tears of obvious distress.
Never had there been such a great fiasco.
And everyone agreed that "somebody has to go".

Rage and anger spread through the stand,
Through punter, jockey, owner, official and even humble stable-hand.

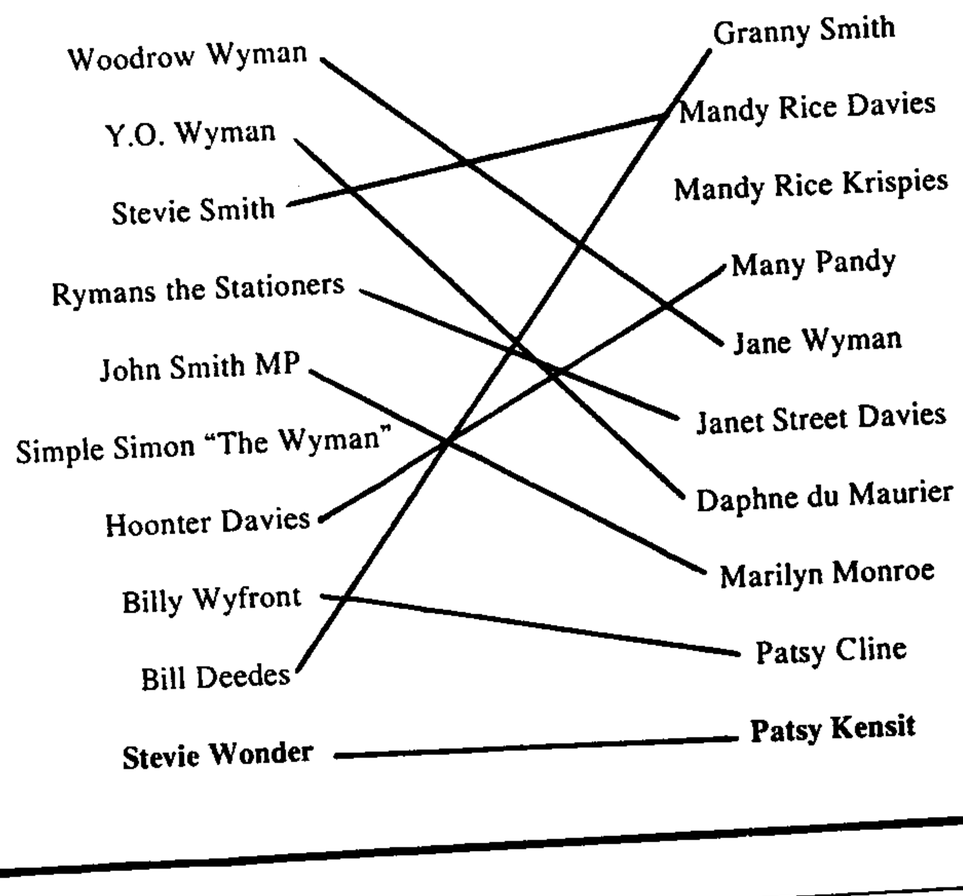
By the end of the day the claim could well be made
This was the greatest British disaster since the Charge of the Light Brigade.

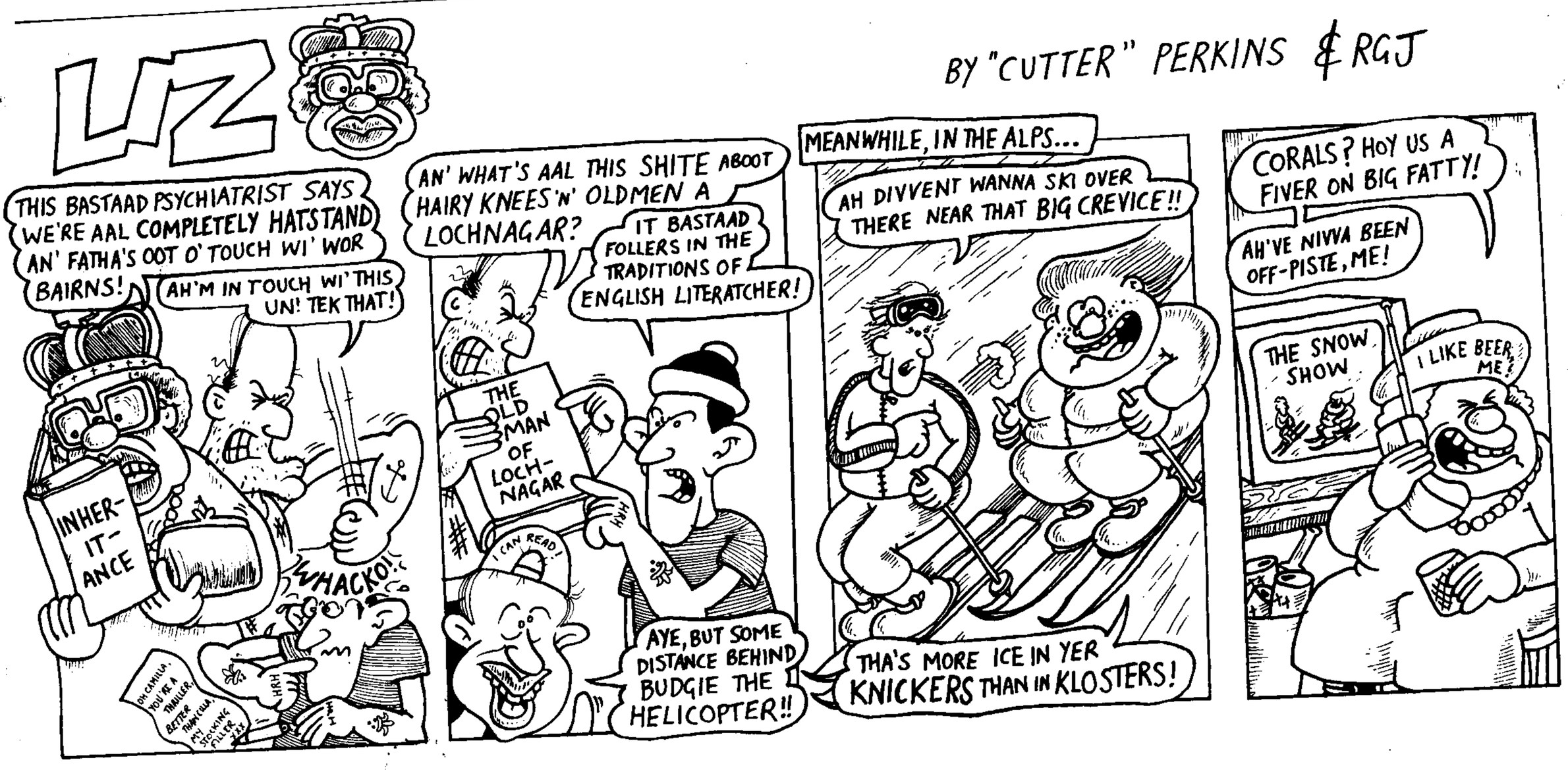
It will always be remembered by folk because
It could truly be said to be The Race That Never Was.

© William Hill (shurely 'Rees-MacGonagall'? Ed)

How They Are Related

Steve Wyman — **Patsy Smith**




LIZ
BY "CUTTER" PERKINS & RGJ
THIS BASTAAD PSYCHIATRIST SAYS WE'RE AAL COMPLETELY HATSTAND AN' FATHA'S OOT O' TOUCH WI' WOR BAIRNS!
AH'M IN TOUCH WI' THIS UN! TEK THAT!
INHER-IT-ANCE
WHACKO!
OH CAMILLA, YOU'RE A THRILLER, BETTER THAN CILLA, MY STOCKING FILLER XXX
AN' WHAT'S AAL THIS SHITE ABOOT HAIRY KNEES 'N' OLDMEN A LOCHNAGAR?
IT BASTAAD FOLLERS IN THE TRADITIONS OF ENGLISH LITERATCHER!
THE OLD MAN OF LOCH-NAGAR
I CAN READ!
HRH
AYE, BUT SOME DISTANCE BEHIND BUDGIE THE HELICOPTER!!
MEANWHILE, IN THE ALPS...
AH DIVVENT WANNA SKI OVER THERE NEAR THAT BIG CREVICE!!
THA'S MORE ICE IN YER KNICKERS THAN IN KLOSTERS!
CORALS? HOY US A FIVER ON BIG FATTY!
AH'VE NIVVA BEEN OFF-PISTE, ME!
THE SNOW SHOW
I LIKE BEER ME?

POETRY CORNER

Lines Written To Mark The End Of The May Day Bank Holiday

So. Farewell then
May Day.

The bank holiday
Everybody said was
Too close
To the others.

Now you are to be
In October.

"October Day." It
Does not have
The same ring.

Will ships signal "October
Day, October Day" when
They are in distress?

I doubt it,
Somehow.

E.J. Thribb (17½)

'Brits Are Coming'

(contd from page 1)

showed once again that, when it comes to complaining about lack of Government funding for the British film industry, British producers are world-beaters!

Those Awards In Full

Best Whingeing Article About Lack Of Funds For UK Film Industry — **Bryan Forbes** for his performance in the *Daily Telegraph*.

Best Whingeing Appearance On Television About Lack Of Funds For UK Film Industry — **David Puttnam** on *The News*.

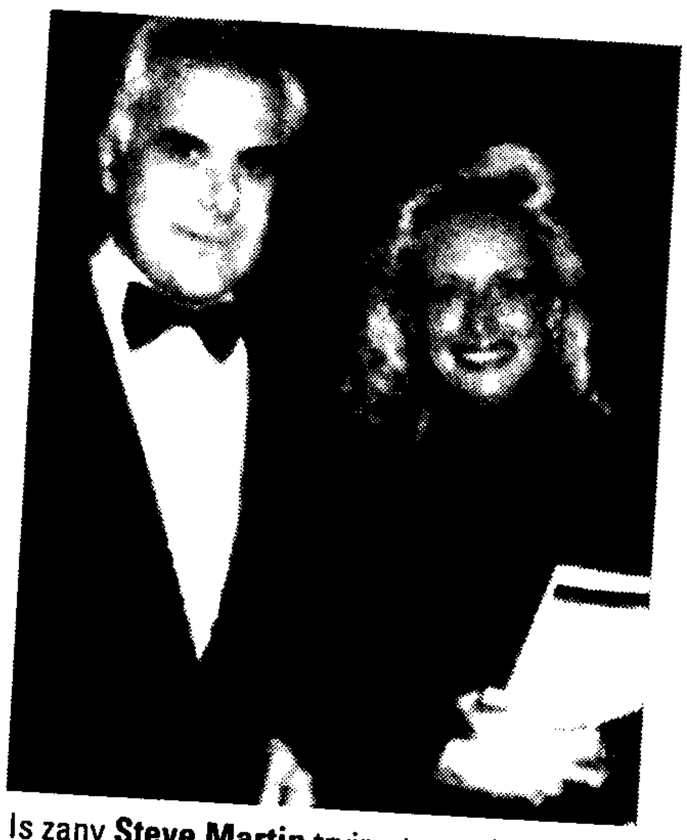
Lifetime Award For Whingeing About Lack Of Funds For UK Film Industry — **Sir Richard Attenbore**.

IPFRONTERS

Continuing the hugely popular Sunday Supplement feature you can read exclusively in every paper...

AT THE OSCARS

Clint could be Unforgiven for smiling tonight of all nights! And is Britain's **Joan Plowright** going to make his day? Clint certainly feels lucky.

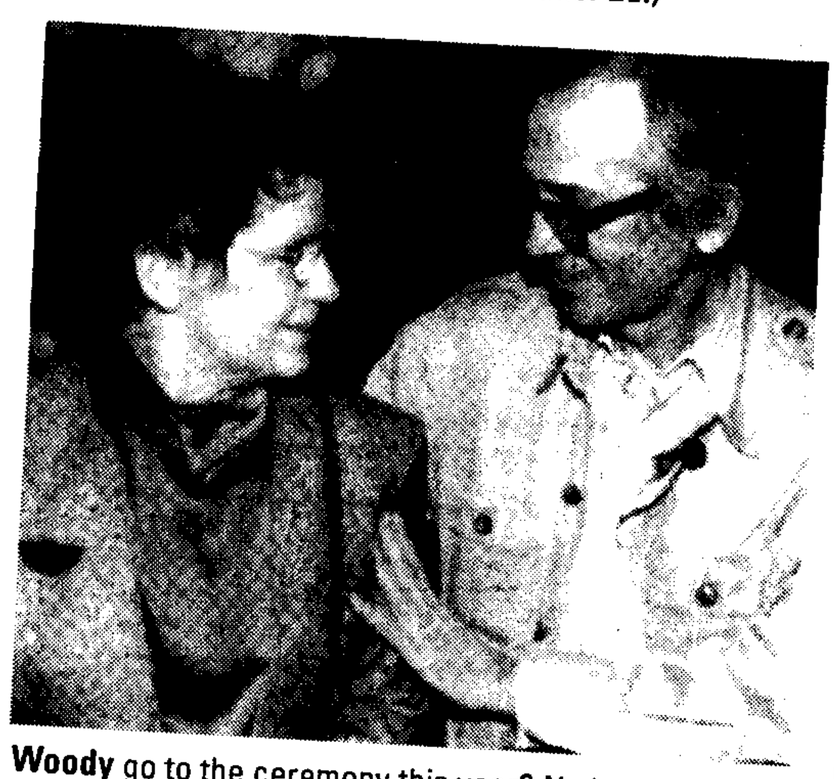


Is zany **Steve Martin** trying to get his Howards End away with lovely **Emma Thompson?** She's already picked up Best Actress, and now Steve's trying the same thing! It's beyond our Ken!

Humanitarian award winner **Liz Taylor** gets a hand herself from old friend **Jack Lemmon**! "Don't squeeze any harder," says Liz. "I'm all right, Jack." She's still a bitter alright, eh?!

Al's well that ends well for Mr **Pacino**! He's been "Scent" an Oscar! And his pal **Gene Hackman** could be Unforgiven for smiling tonight of all nights. *(You've done this. Ed.)*

Pffew!! **Michelle Pfeiffer**'s obviously bosom buddies with **Charles Bronson**! He didn't win any awards, but he must have Deathwished he had! Perhaps she could adopt a little Oscar next!



Woody go to the ceremony this year? No he would not. Mr **Allen** prefers as ever to play the clarinet in Manhattan! Mama Mia, who's that on his arm? Lock up your daughters!

(That's enough piss-poor captions to PR photos by clapped-out showbiz hacks. Ed.)

Nigel Dumpster

Mail Diary

Oscar shock for favourite Emma

■ BRITAIN'S hopes of Oscar success have been dashed, I can disclose, after an astonishing Hollywood whispering campaign was launched against the hotly tipped *Howards Way*.

This follows my exclusive item last week revealing that the film's star, Emma Thompson, is in fact a man. Newspapers around the world followed up my scoop about Thompson, 34, the husband of Shakespearean actress Gemma Branagh, a close friend of the Prince of Wales.

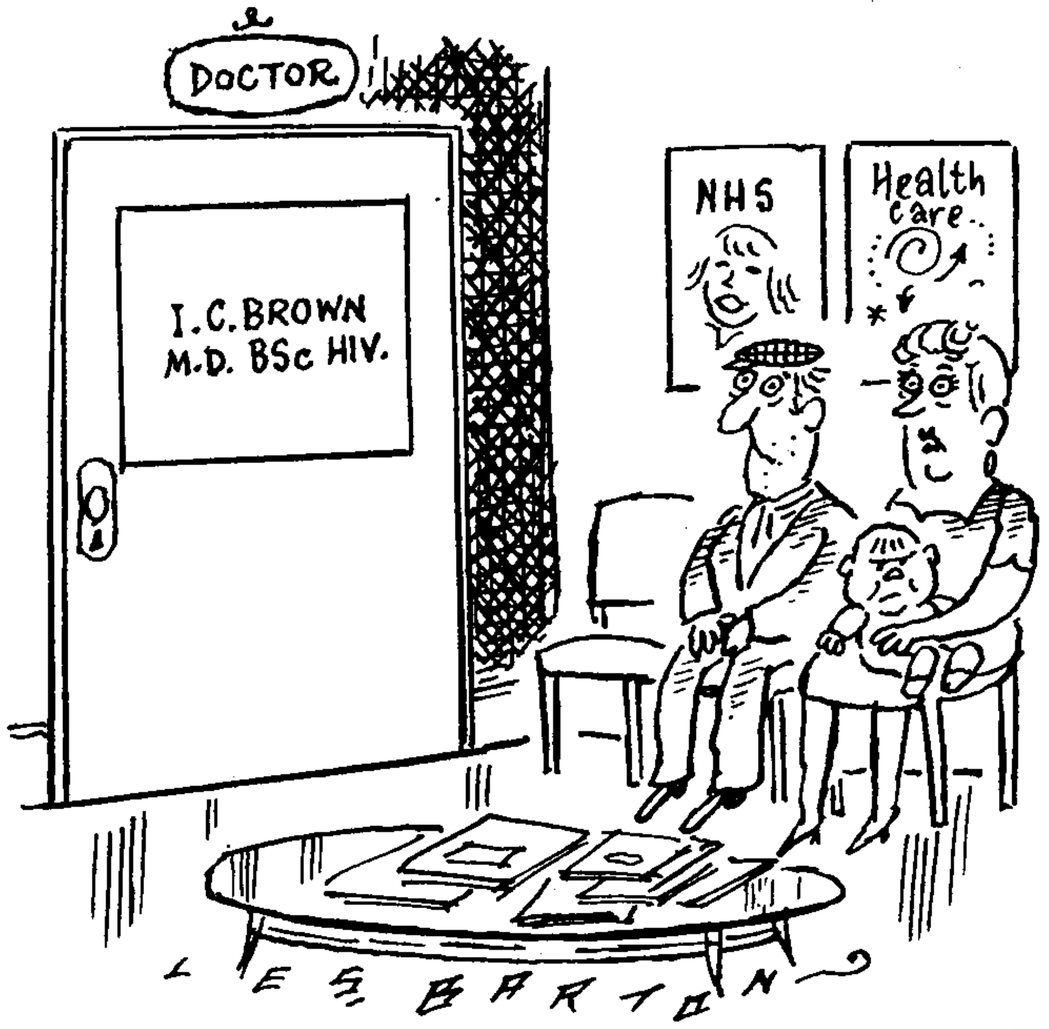
"Your piece has finished Thompson's chances," I am told. "Everyone reads your column in LA. You know as much about the movies as you do about the British Royal Family. It's unbelievable."

True, of course, but this is only the latest in a series of showbiz stories which have left my so-called rival (Baz Bamigboye) reeling.

■ *LAST YEAR I exclusively revealed the existence of another plot by the Hollywood establishment to prevent Joanna Foster and Sir Anthony Hopkirk gaining Oscars for* The Silence of the Lamonts. *My story forced the entire Academy Awards organising committee to secretly re-ballot its members — and the rest is cinema history!*

Later on, my disclosure that Mia Farrow had formed a "close relationship" with fellow thespian Prince Edward left my competitors stunned, and shocked her longtime paramour Woody Allen. "Woody's devastated," a close friend told me. "If he didn't have the children to turn to, I don't know what he'd do."

Emma Thompson



A Cabbie writes

Every week a well-known taxi driver is invited to comment on an issue of topical importance. This week **Sid Rees-Mogg** (No. 1992) discusses the implications of the proposal to license the drivers of mini-cabs to ply for hire in the same metropolitan area as the drivers of official black hackney carriages.

■ Blimey! They gotta be joking! Half of them don't have licences. They're not insured. They don't know where nuffink is. They drive around for hours reading their bloody A-Zs. Ignorant bastards, that's what they are. And their cars are bleedin' death traps. No one checks their old bangers like our cabs. I tell you, las' week I was followin' one of them down the Balls Pond Road and all his wheels fell off. Honest. And 'e didn't even stop. Know what I'd do wiv that lot? I wouldn't license them — I'd string 'em up. It's the only language they understand — apart from Zulu! I mean, I'm not racist or anything. But they're all black, aren't they? Where was it you said, guv'nor? South of the river? No, not me guv'nor, I'm on my way home for my tea. You'll have to get a mini-cab.

NEXT WEEK: The same again.

ODEON, Upper Briggate, LS1. Tel: (0532) 430031 (recorded)/436230
No wheelchair access, fair disabled access + assistance (please r.i.a.). No smoking policy (exc 1). Tickets: Adults £3.60. OAPs UB40s/students/under 15s, £2.50. NOTE: Persons in wheelchairs - free admission.

MEET THE CLINTSTONES - THE PREHISTORIC FIRST FAMILY
I GUESS THERE'S SOME RATIONAL EXPLANATION WHY YOU'RE GIVING AWAY ALL OUR MONEY..
PREHISTORIC TIMES
$1.6 BILLION AID
UNPOPULAR LEADERS HAVE GOT TO STICK TOGETHER
BUT I'M NOT UNPOPULAR!
PREHISTORIC TIMES
$1.6
YOU ARE NOW!
YABBA DABBA DUCK!

THE SUN SAYS

COD OFF FROGGIES!

(Excuse our French!)

ONCE again our garlic-swilling brethren across the Channel are up to their same old tricks.

Trying to rob us of our good old British fish and chips.

And where's the Royal Navy when Long Jean Froggie comes sailing into port flying the Jolly Roger?

Turning a blind eye, like Francis Drake in days of yore, that's what.

It's been the same story ever since Napoleon sent his Armada up the Thames.

We surrender.

Except this time, we don't. The Royal Navy has got nuclear weapons.

Why don't they use them?

It's high time these wine-guzzling Gallic matelots *(surely 'bastards in berets'? Ed)* **were lined up against a wall and shot. Without a trial. And there are plenty of** *Sun* **readers prepared to pull the trigger.**

COMPETITION

Sink a French trawler and win a night out with Gazza!

On Other Pages

Give Us Our Dutch Porn say Sun readers ***p. 2***

"I Am No Fat Old Cow" — Sun Exclusive Interview with Fat Old Cow Fergie **p. 3**

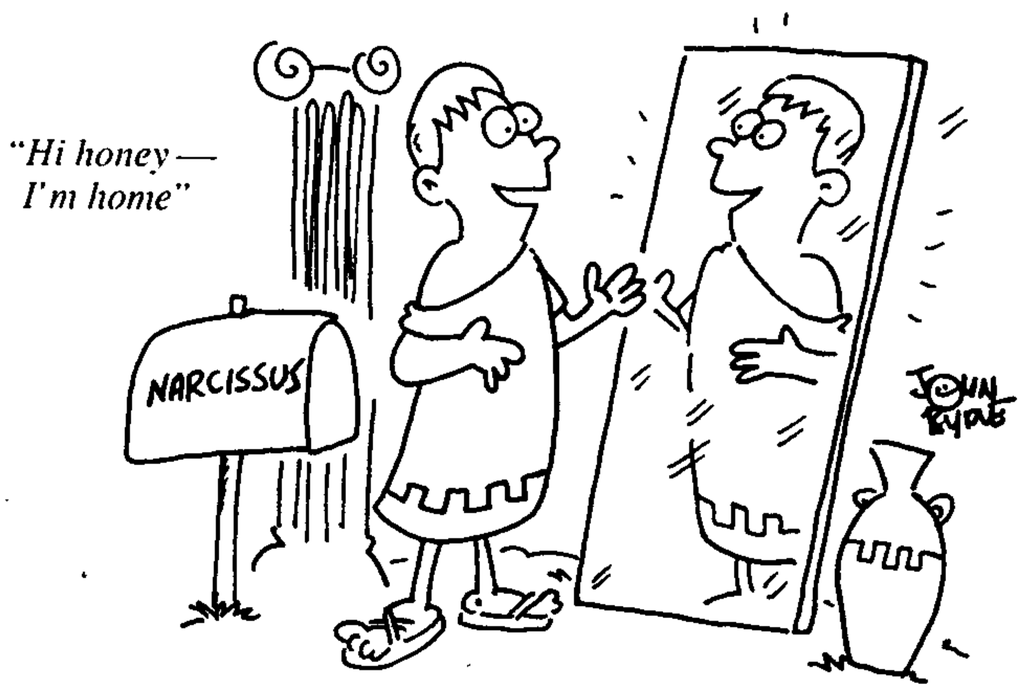
Sex In Provence — Sun Guide To The France You Don't See On The TV ***p. 4***

PLUS

The Sun's Richard Littlejohn voted Britain's No. 1 Cabbie in the What The Cabbies Say Awards p. 5

Does Cancer Give You Cancer? Top Doctor's Shock Revelation **p. 6**

Remember — There's More Fun In The Independent On Sunday



Notes & Queries

A service by our readers for our readers (as seen in all other newspapers)

QUESTION: Why is string so called?

☐IT WAS named after Hubert String (1689-1746), a Derbyshire hemp and flax importer, who produced his first commercial ball of "String" in 1736. Readers may be interested to know that there is a Museum of String in his home town of Rampton which is open to the public between March and September. — *W.F. Wheen, Norrington.*

QUESTION: Why are daffodils yellow?

☐F.P. WICKLAW got it wrong last week. Daffodils belong to the genus *Pseudonarcissus*, not as he claimed to the *Strobesiana* family. The bulb contains the trace elements Xenon and Boron, which give the flower its characteristic yellow colour. Your readers may be interested to know that it is theoretically possible to produce a red daffodil by injecting a solution of potassium cadmanate into the bulb stem! — *R.I. Rusbridger, Farringdon.*

QUESTION: How do we know anything?

☐THERE is no definite answer to this question. It depends what we mean by the word "know". — *P. Stothard, Wapping.*

QUESTION: Well, what do we mean by the word "know"? — *C. Moore, Canary Wharf.*

☐THERE are two kinds of knowledge. Cognitive knowledge (e.g. I know the Guardian is very boring) and non-cognitive knowledge (e.g. I have a feeling the Guardian will be very boring tomorrow). — *F. Ayer (decd).*

QUESTION: How do the pips get into oranges? — *B. Amiel (Ms), Ontario.*

☐OH, shut up. — *M. Thatcher, Chelsea.*

NEXT WEEK: Answers please to the following queries. Was Walt Disney his real name? Do fish sleep? Why are pizzas flat? What does Donald Trelford do all day?

Those French Election Results In Full

Paris (Match). M. Hulot *(Socialiste)* 3; M. Le Comte de Basie *(Gaullist Christian Right-Wing Centrist)* 410,612. M. Vichy Le Hitler *(National Front)* 0.

Swing to Basie 89%.

Provence (Sud). Inspector Morse *(Retired Expat Party)* 4,006; Inspecteur Clouseau *(Giscard Valerie Singleton Party)* 310,542; Inspecteur Maigret *(Cherchez Le Pipe Party)* 36; Charles Aznovotes 0.

Plus ça no change.

TV TONIGHT

8.15 (BBC2)
The Darling Buds of Hull

Everything is as normal in the '50s nostalgic world of Pa Larkin, the bespectacled fun-loving librarian who likes nothing better than slagging off his fellow poets, listening to trad jazz and fantasising about having it off with "birds wiv big knockers". Trouble starts when his old college chum Kingsley turns up and they both get drunk. "What a perfick day!" says Pop.

LATE NEWS

INDY CRASHES

ACE driver Nigel Whittam Strobes was recovering last night from "a crashingly boring newspaper" known as the *Indy* which ground to a halt last night in front of three readers. Following a promising start, Whittam Strobes has had his winning dream shattered after a complex re-design failed to achieve the hoped for results.

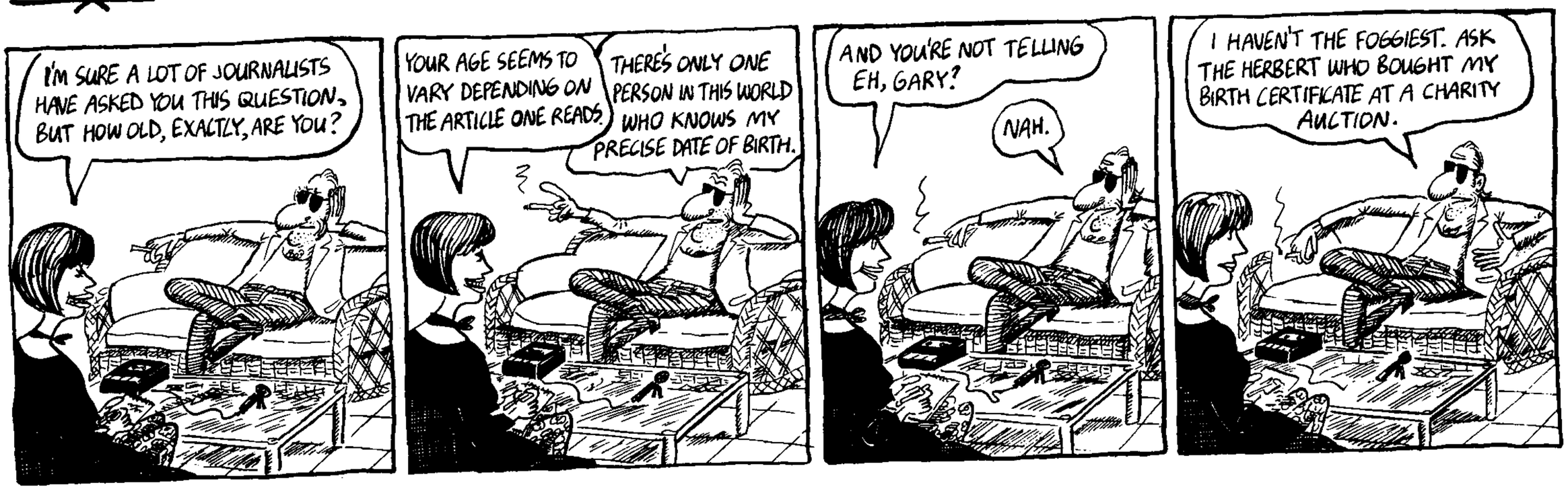
"I thought I was well in front," said Strobes, "but then the *Telegraph* sped past me followed by the *Guardian*. Even the *Times* went in front. Then the next thing I knew I woke up, unlike our readers."

Great Bores Of Today.

"...I mean it's been going since 1839 and it's never gone wrong 'til now it's gotta be symbolic of our national decline it's made us a laughing stock all over the world 13 countries and billions of people watching our greatest race and we can't even get it started I mean we're a joke we've got the technology but we're too snobbish to use it all there was on the day was a piece of old elastic tape and a bloke in a bowler hat running round with a flag I mean that says everything doesn't it? the Italians and the French are all looking at us and laughing we've got to do something it's like the Windsor fire and the Royal Family and the Church of England it's the same old story it's the old establishment refusing to give in I was at school with this bloke he was brilliant and he couldn't get a job anywhere so he went to Canada he sent me a card last Christmas he's doing very well for himself..."

LIGGER

Celeb


I'M SURE A LOT OF JOURNALISTS HAVE ASKED YOU THIS QUESTION, BUT HOW OLD, EXACTLY, ARE YOU?
YOUR AGE SEEMS TO VARY DEPENDING ON THE ARTICLE ONE READS.
THERE'S ONLY ONE PERSON IN THIS WORLD WHO KNOWS MY PRECISE DATE OF BIRTH.
AND YOU'RE NOT TELLING EH, GARY?
NAH.
I HAVEN'T THE FOGGIEST. ASK THE HERBERT WHO BOUGHT MY BIRTH CERTIFICATE AT A CHARITY AUCTION.

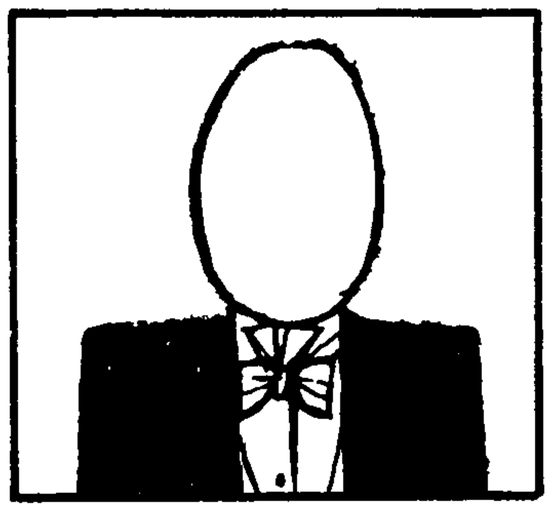
THE DAVE SPART PAGE THAT LORD GNOME WOULD NOT PRINT

DAVE SPART reporting

One in the Eye

Fair Shares

ER... basically this column will not appear due to the totally sickening attitudes of the capitalist management i.e. Lord Gnome and his henchmen who have turned the paper of working people everywhere *viz* Private Eye into an utterly bankrupt tool of the Tory party thus denying the labouring classes a genuine voice in their struggle against a system that is er morally and totally anyway that is the sole and sickening reason why censorship by er the new so-called Press Barons has er basically occurred.



EDITOR STROBES: What a bastard!

E. Strobes owns 1,278 preferred shares in GnomeCo, Grand Cayman. GnomeCo is a subsidiary of the Gnome Trading Group, Jersey. Lord Gnome owns 54% of the ordinary shares in GTC, leased through the Panamanian clearing house of Amazinc, SA. Strobes himself therefore stands to gain 7½p per share at the standard rate of issue on any future takeover of GTC via GnomeCo *whether or not sanctioned by the Trustees which Strobes himself appoints via his directorship of Amazinc!*

They will never print this.

PRIVATE SHAME

At 3.43pm last Tuesday Glenda Slagg was working hard at the column which she had written for the paper for the last 68 years. As she was just putting the finishing touches to her copy (telling Emma Thompson that she made her sick and should get lost), the bulky figure of E. Strobes marched into her office.

Two minutes later Glenda Slagg was out of a job. There was no warning and no reason given. She was simply handed a huge cheque and the telephone number of the editor of Today.

Comrades, this is the sort of

management that is running *your* magazine.

And Glenda is not the only victim of this monstrous bullyboy fascist regime.

Also sacked this week:

● Lunchtime O'Booze. Longest-serving Private Eye journalist who covered all the world's great stories from his seat in El Vino's.

● E.I. Addio. Fleet Street's premier football correspondent whose in-depth knowledge of clubs like Neasden FC and Dollis Hill made the Eye's back pages legendary.

● E.J. Thribb. The country's most popular poet and Eye Literary Editor. Penned his own valediction, "So. Farewell Then E.J. Thribb", which Gnome's henchmen typically refused to print.

● Silvie Krin. Court Correspondent since the paper's inception, Silvie broke some of the biggest Royal stories ever in the pages of the Eye, such as "Princess Margaret Takes Up Smoking" and "Is Prince Charles Bald?" Said one colleague: "You cannot replace staff like Silvie."

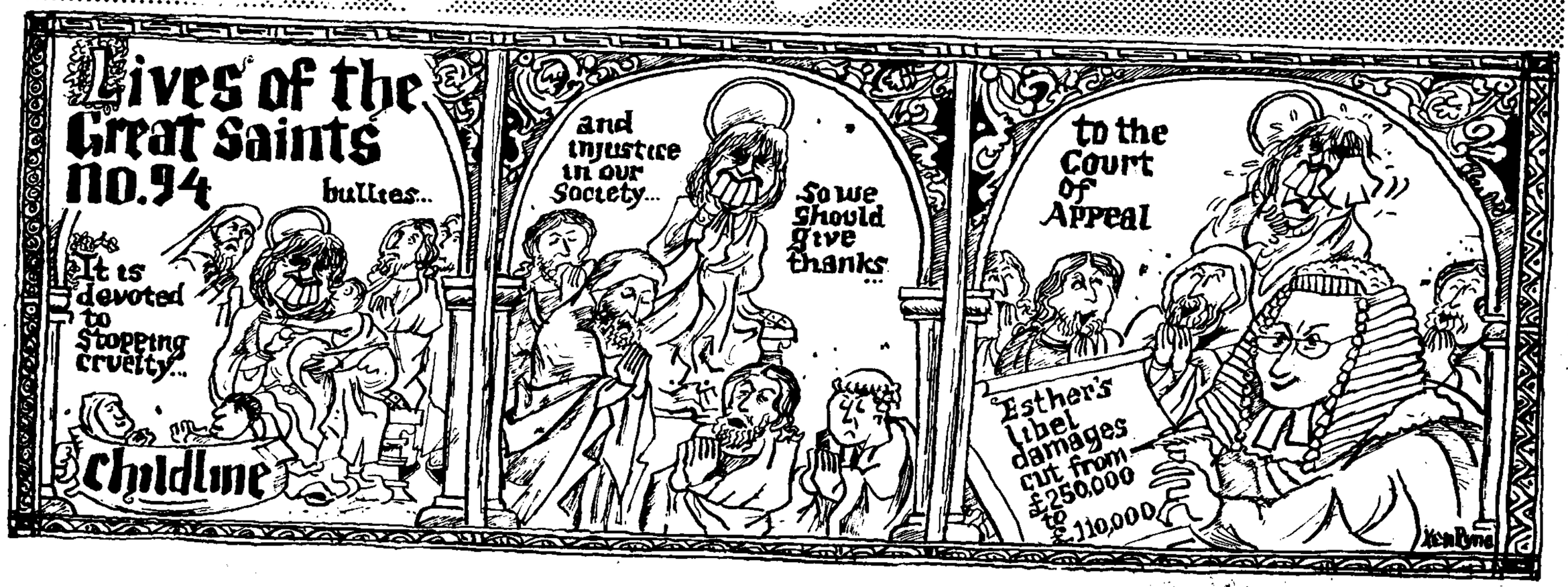
And there will be many more in the weeks to come.

Watch this space in the column that they will not print.

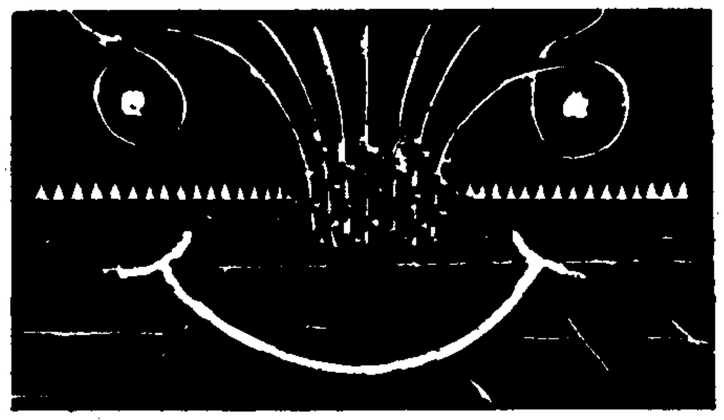
THE THINGS THEY SAY . .

'Dave Spart is mentally ill. He is a loony who needs help.'
E. Strobes, 30 March

'Dave Spart is a highly regarded journalist and we are very sad that we have decided he will resign.'
E. Strobes, 31 March


Lives of the Great Saints no.94
bullies...
It is devoted to stopping cruelty...
Childline
and injustice in our Society...
So we should give thanks...
to the Court of Appeal
Esther's libel damages cut from £250,000 to £110,000
Ken Pyne

DIARY



DENNIS POTTER

I look out of my window, barred like a prison, the panes strewn with crosses, as if the mindless powers-that-be of our godless age are ready to re-crucify Christ again and again in the comfort (*comfort*, indeed — note the irony!) of their own living-rooms.

The sight of a fresh spring daffodil bursting forth into the dappled sunlight fills me with disgust and despair. What sort of a world have we created for ourselves that allows these yellowy, sickly, foul-smelling, so-called "flowers" to shove their mis-shapen and elongated necks through the Lord's earth and then lets their vomit-coloured petals infringe the sanctity of our own old and very dear English countryside? What have we as a nation in, I fear, a deep and irreversible decline, busily wallowing in our post-colonial cowardice, puffing our chest up and then wheezing like some cancerous old colonel, what have we as a nation come to when we allow these daffodils, these malevolent globules of terminal jaundice, all yellow, yellow, yellow, to poke their noses through *our* ground and into *our* private lives?

Yet another sign that this land, *our* land, dear, tormented, hopelessly stagnated, never-less-than-lovely, pitifully corrupt and petulantly small-minded old England, is sinking into the very slough of despond, from which only the most foresighted and brave and truthful and *tormented* playwright can save her.

My mission as a playwright has been to pitch the self-satisfied from their perches, and I feel a great sense of satisfaction with myself that this is what I have achieved. I wish to jolt the middle-classes from their interminable slumbers, to shake them from their daily grind of complacent luxury, their feather-bedded purgatories of doubtful and perhaps criminal pleasures, so when I pick up my pen in the new extension to the third-floor lower-morning-room of what used to be the servants' annexe of the old lodge at the end of the drive of my Herefordshire home, I tell myself that with a few strokes of this pen I will send shivers down the spines of the middle-classes as they huddle in their oh-so-comfortable country mansions, sheltered as they are from the sheer bloody sweat, tears and hard slogging grind of the Great British gutter.

As a writer, I am forever ravenous for new ideas, new stories, new characters, new emotions, new means of expression. This hunger in the dark night of my sometimes stifled, occasionally battered, seldom rarely oft-tormented but ever-yearning soul has ensured that I have, over the years, managed to reinvigorate British television with my endlessly inventive new plays, always over-turning the conventions of the medium in search of new and exciting ideas.

I am already half-way through my next series, for instance. Set in that most poignant yet grossly tormented of decades, the 1970s, and provisionally titled *The Singing Black Collar from Heaven*, it will no doubt shock a few of our more smug and complacent souls with the cold, hard look it takes at the way an innocent young virgin — who may or may not also be a nightclub whore called "Angel" — experiences flashbacks — but only when naked — to the time she was sexually molested by her middle-class uncle — who may or may not also be the blind tramp who may or may not have raped and murdered an innocent young lad to the hauntingly evocative tune of "Ra-Ra-Rasputin" by Boney M in an earlier scene — or is it, the viewer is finally forced to ask his sluggish, corpulent, third-rate and wholly indolent self, all just in the mind of the writer?

Nothing like this will have been seen on British television screens ever before — or at least not since I last shook the viewers into some form of earthly consciousness with my six-part series *Remember the Black Lipstick on the Detective's Penny*, set in that most poignant yet grossly tormented of decades, the 1940s.

Those slimy, oil-infested, garbage-minded, putrid and corrosively sanctimonious , bile-dribbling, bone-headed, filthy-necked, canting, grubby-fingernailed, studiedly facetious, lily-livered, pungently odoriferous but above all hopelessly long-winded lackeys and lickspittles who shelter under the title of critics will have much to answer for when they find themselves before the Almighty on the Day of Judgement.

Why my mould-breaking drama series, *A Lovely Pair of Tits*, was shown on Channel 4 last year, the rats came out of the gutter. The series was written as a devastating indictment of man's wholly depraved and deplorable fetishistic sexual attitude to women. To this end it showed a naked eighteen-year-old girl, clad only in stockings and suspender belt, rolling around on the floor, her bright red lips pouting for the camera while her ample bosoms swayed lustily to and fro and her pert bottom jigged up and down, up and down to a medley of popular tunes from the post-war era. Meanwhile three men looked on, endlessly repeating over and over again the following dialogue:

Sarge: Fuck me, Corporal, she's a beaut, there's no denyin'.

Corporal: Blow me down, Colonel, permission to speak but I wouldn't mind puttin' one up 'er, and that's for sure, guv!

Colonel: You scum, the lot of you, d'y'hear? Talk about post-war decline! Britain is in the hands of fat-cats like me, gripped by an ungodly mixture of nostalgia and greed! But, by gad, that mischievous little bint is quite a minx! What an arse she has on her!

Sarge, Corporal and Colonel *(miming):*

"I'd like to teach the world to sing
In perfect harmony!"

Anyone but the most dirty-minded cretin could see that this was a clear exposé of the voyeuristic nature of the British male in the latter half of the 20th century, and that the three hours the series devoted to the sexual writhings of the naked woman were wholly in keeping with this fierce moral stance. But not so the critics. May eternal damnation come unto them, saith the Lord.

I look out of the window once more and I see the sun shining like a cold fried egg placed on the road by a careless tramp and splattered asunder by a passing vehicle. Looking into the bleak, dead heat of the sun, I come up with a smashing new idea for a revolutionary drama series. There's this girl, naked but for her crotchless panties, and she may or may not be a symbol of Britain in decline, and then there's this man ill in bed who experiences flashbacks to a blind girl who may or may not have been raped by the devil at a middle-class dinner party in the Fifties. Then suddenly they all start miming:

"Sugar! Ooh, Honey honey!
You are my candy girl
And you got me wantin' you
Oh, Sugar! Ooh Honey Honey!"

while the naked girl offers them a cake shaped like a phallus. British TV won't have seen anything like it ever before. Any takers?

MILLIONS VIEWING. WEEK ENDING MARCH 21

BBC2

1	French and Saunders	6.27
2	Top Gear	4.63
3	Quantum Leap	4.49
4	Star Trek: Next Generation	4.07
5	Labour of Love	4.05
6	Secret Nature	4.01
7	Bore of the Year Awards	3.91
8	Budget 93	3.86
9	Fresh Prince of Bel Air	3.82
10	Gardeners' World	3.68

Sunday Times

Literary Review

Personality disorders

THE MOST cursory glance at the literary history of the past 150 years swiftly dispels the illusion that books were ever reviewed simply on their merits.

Thackeray, Trollope and Gissing — to take only three eminent Victorians — have left terrifying accounts of the back-scratching and wire-pulling that necessarily accompanied any attempt to get your works favourably noticed in the nineteenth century. Then, as now, book reviewing had fallen victim to the fatal tendency of the critic to confuse whatever he might think of a writer's politics or eagerness to hand out dinner invitations with the writing itself.

In the 20th century this tendency has plumbed even more bizarre depths. In the 1940s, for example, any High Church journal worth its salt could be guaranteed to grow apoplectic in its attacks on anything that could be described as "modern" or "highbrow" — except when it happened to be written by T.S. Eliot. Eliot, you see, was an Anglo-Catholic and "one of us". Consequently, his poems had to be well reviewed, even if they were full of incomprehensible statements that didn't rhyme.

Sixty years later the cult of personality remains the single factor most likely to reduce the average book review to biased nonsense. Its current victim, inevitably enough, is the late Philip Larkin. Not only have the up-market arts pages in recent weeks been full of assaults on Larkin's character, as revealed in Anthony Thwaite's edition of the letters and Andrew Motion's biography (both Faber, £20) — as if the old boy's drooling over tit-mags mattered; there has also been a great deal of concentrated sneering about his poetry, with the assumption that the two are somehow linked.

The complaints about Larkin generally take two forms. On the one hand there is the suggestion that because he was (or affected to be) racist and anti-semitic, no child reared according to the stifling dictates of political correctness should be allowed to read his work — an argument so fatuous one despairs about the intellects of the people putting it forward. On the other there is the suggestion — a slightly more plausible one — that the costive, negative aspects of Larkin's character seep through into his verse, thereby rendering it "limited", narrow and so on.

This line of thought is arguable, for there are aspects of a writer's life and opinions that will always surface in his or her work, but in Larkin's case it is always liable to founder when set against the motives of the people propounding it. For what Professor Eagleton and Mr Tom Paulin really dislike about Larkin is what he represents, his Englishness, his liking for Mrs Thatcher, in fact his ordinariness.

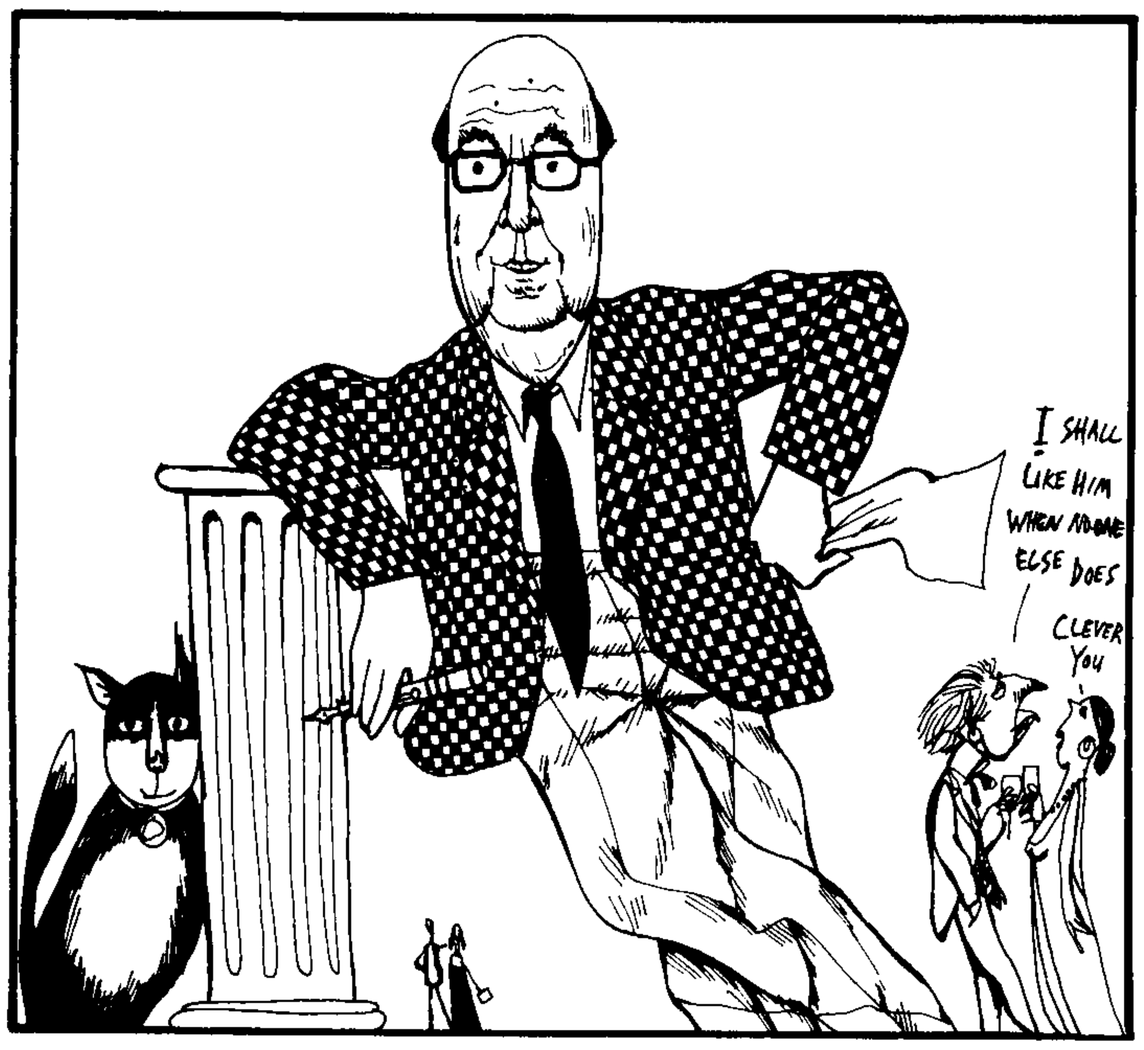
Larkin is a characteristic figure of his time, not a singular one, and it is this that makes his detractors gnash their teeth. Also there's the fact that he isn't *lofty* enough, don't you know — even his fear of death is somehow made to seem immature, as if everyone weren't afraid of dying. At any rate it can be safely predicted that if Larkin had ever written a sonnet to Arthur Scargill, Professor Eagleton wouldn't hear a word against him.

But this tendency is engrained in the modern reviewing establishment, to the point where large numbers of contemporary writers regularly find themselves reviewed not for what they write but for who they are. Malcolm Bradbury's last novel *Dr Criminale*, for instance, was by no means as bad a book as a host of angry young critics made it out to be, but then Bradbury is a licensed Aunt Sally these days and *therefore* his books are worthless.

Curiously this attitude doesn't always work to a writer's disadvantage. One of the most amusing sights of literary London at the moment is the spectacle of reviewers (white, male reviewers) trying to be polite about Ben Okri's new novel, for Okri happens to be Nigerian and the suggestion that he ought to consult a dictionary now and then would probably be taken as racist.

The same disregard for objective standards affixes itself to gender, where a book about AIDS by a gay male novelist is nearly always thought to be above criticism by the earnest reviewer. Among a tribe of OK writers acclaimed for what they represent rather than the quality of their writing, only Jeanette Winterson seems to have been found out, her last novel being so bad as to be unignorable.

But just as it is possible for works of genius to be written by a moral invertebrate, so novels by homosexuals are not *necessarily* any good. And is it a terrible heresy to say that the current Best of Young British promotion reeks of tokenism of this sort?



SNIPCOCK & TWEED
PAGE AFTER PAGE AFTER PAGE — IT'S AN EXTRAORDINARY FEAT OF WRITING
VIKRAM SETH A SUITABLE BOY
I ONLY ASKED HIM TO MAKE IT OUT TO MY WIFE
VIKRAM SETH SIGNING SESSION

Books & Bookmen

■ *LAST YEAR American publisher Crown held a press conference to boast of the $7 million deal it had signed with Russian intelligence for exclusive access to the former KGB files. The first fruits of this expensive cooperation, it said, would be a book by spy historian John Costello.*

The book, Deadly Illusions, is due to be published next month. But despite the vast sums invested in it, there seems to be a notable lack of interest: the British publisher, Century, has so far failed to persuade a single newspaper to buy the serial rights. Those who have read the manuscript and politely declined to run it include the Grauniad, the Sunset Times and the Sunday Torygraph.

With time running out, the bosses of Crown in New York are growing desperate to see some return on their investment. Hearing last week that the Sunday Telegraph might be buying some documents from Kim Philby's widow, Crown despatched an urgent fax to the Telegraph's editor-in-chief, Max "Hitler" Hastings, rubbishing the Philby papers and pleading with him to buy the Costello book instead. But to no avail.

□ THE BEST of Young British Novelists are clearing their throats and girding their loins self-importantly although *Granta's* promotion will not peak until next month.

Five of the 20 "young" writers put in an appearance at a seminar at the recent London International (sic) Book Fair. From the floor, Lawrence Norfolk asked panel member, critic and novelist D.J. Taylor, who had been a bit sceptical about some on the list, to name the 20 he would have preferred. After Taylor had named three, Norfolk insisted he didn't go on. Will Self-Important delivered what amounted to an etiolated lecture which even effusive chairman Martyn Goff couldn't staunch. Mercifully, Adam Mars-Bar sat throughout on the floor in his motorcycle gear without speaking.

Iain (*The Wasp Factory*) Banks was not present. Nor will he attend the party given by bearded Bill Buford and *Granta* at the beginning of next month to celebrate the promotion. He has written to the organisers as follows: "What dingbat proposed using the Saatchi gallery for the launch party? Hell's teeth; why not go the whole hog and hold it in Conservative Party central office?

"Didn't it ever occur to anybody that writers spend a fair bit of their time manipulating symbols, and that therefore these might be quite important to us? Did the words "Saatchi Gallery" just leap into the head of the person concerned with no associations, no implications, no weight of meaning (in which case, where has this person *been* for the last 14 years)? Perhaps it was just assumed that your average young (*sic*, in my case) novelist thinks, Hey, these Tories aren't *really* a shower of smug, mean-spirited, hypocritical incompetent liars; actually they're kind of neat!... Well, wrong. Whatever ghastly lapse of taste or political sense led to the decision to use the Saatchi gallery, I shall not — as you might have guessed by now — be attending."

'Bookworm'

RAIL PRIVATISATION

Off the hook, line and sinker

TRANSPORT secretary John MacGregor and his chums are finding it increasingly hard to hide the shortcomings of the railways (destruction) bill.

Not long ago we were told that franchisees would maintain comparable rail services to current ones, with continuing subsidy and measures to keep the national network intact. But it has now emerged that franchisees will *not* have to provide a comparable service after all.

Network SouthEast commuter lines, for example, will not operate on Sundays or in the evenings. Many potential franchise holders are big bus companies who will be happy, under this latest let-out clause, to replace lightly-used trains with buses, even if it means deterring many passengers.

InterCity supremo Chris Green hopes to create a best-ever integrated nationwide rail timetable for May 1994, in the hope that it will act as a kind of benchmark for the privatisation regulators. But there is a fat chance of that happening if operators can chase just the most profitable passenger flows.

It has also now emerged that the promised tough line closure procedures will only apply when it is proposed to end *all* train services over a line. So a franchise will be within the law to chop a service back to just one, useless train a week (as BR is already doing on the Stockport to Stalybridge line) so demand disappears and the line can be axed.

The news that subsidies will not be guaranteed for more than three years (see *Eye* 814), signals the abrupt loss of Britain's rural railways and others. And it has also emerged that the new dilettante operators will have the freedom to make their own decisions on cross-franchise fares. Taking Manchester's Metrolink system as a fine example of private rail, through fares will be available to only a few token points on another system because the two (or more) operators involved cannot agree how to apportion revenue to the nearest penny. The hugely popular Saver and Apex discount tickets will inevitably be scrapped, as will nationwide railcards, pushing up most people's train fares by 100 to 200 percent.

Further let-outs are likely to emerge as John MacGregor realises how unattractive BR is to private companies. Safety measures could well be compromised: who, for example, could afford to develop and install the highly complex automatic train protection system (which stops trains running past red signals) to which BR was committed after the Clapham Junction crash?

Regional Railways: too good for its own good

THOSE Whitehall mandarins whose job it is to destroy Britain's railways are appalled at Regional Railways' business acumen and are trying to extinguish all entrepreneurial flickers before any more damage is done to road services.

Since the development of the high speed train in the mid-70s, BR has had only one service improvement to write home about: Regional Railways' new long-distance routes. By simply joining together two or more regional services to form one long route, Regional Railways revolutionised journeys that did not involve London. Trains were shorter but far more frequent, and travellers were attracted by the way so many destinations could be reached without changing.

As the revolution continues — the latest Milford Haven to Portsmouth Harbour service has far exceeded all business expectations — the department of transport is worriedly signalling to Regional Railways that it has got hold of the wrong end of the stick and become possessive with it. The purpose of slashing the BR subsidy is to force service cuts (to satisfy the road lobby), not to encourage managers to find ways of improving services to customers as cheaply as possible.

Therefore, Regional Railways is now being pressurised by Tony Baker, the DoT's franchising mastermind, into splitting up its flagship Liverpool to Norwich route in May 1994. Such a change would leave a Norwich to Peterborough service, conveniently fitting into an East Anglian rail franchise area: the last thing the government wants is a burgeoning publicly-owned service competing with a franchisee in East Anglia. The new service would also reintroduce the huge disincentive to passengers of changing trains at Peterborough — thereby causing a defection back to road transport.

Even more astonishingly, the DoT intends the highly successful services from Liverpool and Manchester to Newcastle to go no further than York. The problem is that regional trains would compete north of York with whoever takes over the franchise for the London to Edinburgh mainline.

There can be no more blatant an illustration that the government's "open access" propaganda is masking the deliberate creation of private monopolies.

● REGIONAL RAILWAYS, meanwhile, using the most exquisite euphemism yet of the privatisation fiasco, is taking a "maintenance holiday". The term seems to imply that the system is in such fine fettle the maintenance boys might as well put their feet up until things begin to fall apart again. What it really means is the opposite: the end of all but the most crucial infrastructure maintenance: the laying off of hundreds of rail workers (half the track gangs in the East Midlands, for example, are set to be chopped); delays and cuts to services; line closures; and a possible drop in safety.

One outcome of the maintenance holiday is a spreading ban on locomotive-hauled trains, which cause more damage to tracks than Sprinter units. Holidaymakers on the Skegness line, for example, are likely to find — instead of their usual summer-only engine plus 10 coaches — a two-carriage Sprinter. That's if they're lucky: Regional Railways doesn't have enough Sprinters to deal with all-year demand, let alone seasonal extras.

Steam specials have already been banned from the scenic Cambrian lines west of Shrewsbury. The same route is also losing to road its final freight service — oil from Stanlow to Aberystwyth. The oil company says rail has suddenly become prohibitively expensive (BR reportedly demanding a price increase between 50 and 100 percent). It so happens that diesel locomotives must be used to haul the oil wagons — and that diesel locomotives are about to be banned from the line while everyone enjoys the maintenance holiday.

Cynics suggest the purpose of this maintenance holiday is to fool prospective franchisees into believing that relatively few people are needed to sustain a rail service. Surely not!

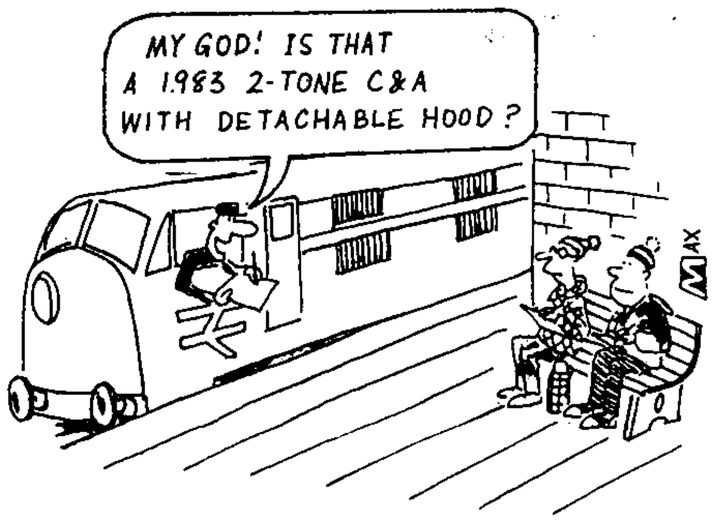
Anti-social services

WHEN passengers from the north of England bound for the Channel tunnel reach London, British Rail plans to add an hour to their journey by shunting them round the capital at a snail's pace on an obscure bit of the North London line commuter route.

Services will be diverted just north of their present-day King's Cross terminus on to the route at Holloway. From there they will cruise under Hampstead Heath to Willesden Junction, turn south for Kensington Olympia and limp into Waterloo to join other France-bound trains.

This Titfield Thunderbolt-styled detour will cost between £10 and £15 million — just for two trains a day. What a shame such "largesse" isn't being extended to other parts of the country.

Passengers on the London-Tilbury misery line, for example, will not be overjoyed to learn that Notwork SouthEast will soon be "tailoring services to meet changing demand". New timetables from next month will mean fewer, shorter trains at all times, while the line will get back nine stinking old 1958-vintage chuffers it lent the Anglia Line, while 23 of its 1961 slam-door (as opposed to sliding door) stock will go to help desperate rolling stock shortages in Birmingham.



ANORAK SPOTTING

The cuts in Notwork SouthEast services and train sizes will delight commuters making a dash for an early bath, as trains at the start of the rush hour will be reduced from eight coaches to four, with the strong probability of overloading à la Cannon Street disaster.

More pre-privatisation "restructuring" will take place further north, as well. In Robin Hood country, £6 million promised to restore train links between Nottingham and local quasi-mining villages has been seized back by John MacGregor, the transport secretary.

In the Glasgow area, Stratchclyde regional council has axed plans to reopen the Glasgow Cross/Trongate link over the Clyde, as well as routes to Maryhill and Milngavie, while another re-opening, from Rutherglen to Coatbridge through a community badly hit by the Ravenscraig steel closures, is in the balance, even though a smart new station was opened by no less a figure than John Smith, local MP, just before Christmas.

The new station, Whifflet, only sports one train an hour to Glasgow and that takes an unattractive detour through deepest Lanarkshire before it gets to Rutherglen.

PENSIONS

Go to work on a nest egg

THE RACKET whereby pension funds become useful reserves for big companies after they have stopped contributing to them is well exposed in a leaflet cheerfully distributed to pensioners by BTSS, the British Telecom pension fund.

In 1989, the leaflet boasts, the fund was in good nick. Assets were £11.3 billion, liabilities much lower at £9.6 billion. The "surplus" (£1.7bn) was huge. It was not distributed in higher pensions. Instead, the newly-privatised employers decided not to bother paying their employers' contributions any more. This option, of course, was not open to British Telecom workers, who had to keep on stumping up.

BT then plundered the fund to help their programme of "modernisation" (mass sackings). Over the years, every redundant worker saves the company hundreds of thousands in wages it doesn't have to pay — and costs the pension fund thousands in lost contributions. The result was a rapid deterioration in the health of the fund. Between 1989 and 1993, assets went up by a measly £746 million, while liabilities jumped by a huge £1.5 billion. The fund's surplus went down from £1.7 billion to £119 million, a fantastic slide of £1.5 billion. The trustees are now talking openly about selling off investments.

If they want advice on the values of private enterprise they have just the man to hand: Lord Tebbit, a director of British Telecom, the privatisation of which he championed when he was secretary of state for trade and industry.

Honesty doesn't pay

IAN BYATT, the water regulator, has renewed his assault on the public's blissful acceptance that it is a good idea to improve the quality of our water.

Byatt, director general of Ofwat, has said he will ask Michael Howard, the environment secretary, for his views on "the trade-off between higher quality and higher cost. A balance must be struck between quality and affordability."

There is a strong feeling in the industry and civil service that Brussels regulations are forcing us to go beyond reasonable standards of impurity. This is based on the problems faced by the people who can't pay the higher bills, although the ones protesting are the big industrial companies who can pay and in many cases are the ones polluting the water in the first place.

So how good are British standards? A young chemical engineer, fresh from taking her BSc, applied for a job with the Water Research Centre in Swindon, the industry's research association. She was asked: "Would it bother your conscience to sign reports saying that it is not harmful to discharge sewage into the sea?" The woman, Sophia Howard, did not get the job (as a process engineer) and told the *Eye*: "Honest people are not welcome in this industry.

"Two people interviewed me and asked some technical questions about what sort of action I would take to remove carcinogenic substances from the water. They also asked me how I planned my career. I said that I would not sign anything if I did not know it was true. I was exasperated by that point. They didn't invite me to a second interview." She is now working as a gas engineer.

A spokeswoman for the WRC said: "Being an environmental company we often interview candidates who have strong environmental views. We do not discriminate against them but they may be asked a hypothetical question as a measure of whether they can think objectively. And they often have views which can be completely unfounded and have not been very well thought through. It is basically acting as the devil's advocate to ensure they can think objectively about the subject."

Britain's water industry, most of which is convinced that existing standards are adequate, will resist attempts to raise them to what it regards as the needlessly high (and expensive) levels now demanded by Brussels. The industry's defence is that it cannot expect customers to pay for the improvements. But there is an alternative: to raise money by cutting the huge returns made by shareholders in the privatised water monopolies. Water shares have been the best performing sector on the stock market, with prices rising 50 percent last year. Byatt caused shockwaves among shareholders when he published a pamphlet called *Cost of Capital*, arguing that a 5 percent return was quite adequate, even though they are used to 12 percent and more.

How green is my valley? Not very

WELSH WATER has embarked on a hugely expensive advertising campaign to sell its "green" image, despite last year having the worst conviction rate in England and Wales for river pollution.

The company came top of the river polluters, way ahead of the field, with 15 convictions out of a total of 35. But even those figures tell only half the story. They ignore pollution by those Welsh Water sewage works that are exempt from criminal pollution controls by a legal loop-hole. And the fines — ranging from £500 to £5,000 — are a drop in the ocean for Welsh Water, which made £140 million profit.

Not surprisingly, greedy Welsh Water is hoping to pay for the clean-up by putting up its bills by more than the rate of inflation. Faced with criticism from the Welsh Consumer Council, OFWAT, consumers and environmentalists, the company has recently launched the advertising campaign, costing hundreds of thousands of pounds, asking consumers what environmental improvements they would like Welsh Water to invest in. With breath-taking audacity the company pretends to offer consumers paying some of the highest water bills in England and Wales a choice between lead-polluted tap water and shitty beaches.

Unfortunately, Welsh Water's sudden concern for public health doesn't extend to their poorest consumers, who cannot afford their bills and face their water being cut off. As Welsh Water has trebled its cut-offs in the last three years, the incidence of the water-borne disease dysentery has also trebled.

Welsh Water's substantial shareholders include the Methodist Church and the Salvation Army, whose members might like to know why they are investing in a monopoly which leaves the poor without water and presides over a decline in public health and the environment.

● YORKSHIRE Water "customers" gave two fingers to a recent experiment by the company in Normanton designed to encourage more people to switch to water meters. After trying out the meters, two-thirds of the 700 households demanded to go back to paying water rates.

Hawks in the industry have long lobbied for metering, which would see poor and large families rationing the amount they use for washing and reducing the number of times they flush the toilet.

Ofwat, meanwhile, has called on Yorkshire Water to halt its policy of disconnecting those who fail to pay their bills — following a related increase in diarrhoea and other health problems. Yorkshire Water is currently cutting off people's water supplies at the rate of 100 households every week.

As one family health expert told the *Eye*: "It's worse than in Victorian times, because at least then there were public pumps, public washrooms and public baths where people could get clean water."

Picking at a beauty spot

SEVERN Trent Water, in complying with EC regulations, has over the last year dug a vast number of holes in the roads of the one-time beauty spot of Malvern, causing dirt, dust, noise, flooding, traffic chaos, loss of supplies and falling trade in local shops.

Not surprisingly, locals were then doubly offended to see a recent TV commercial from the private monopoly, blowing its own trumpet.

Not only is the "pure" water of which Severn Trent boasts mostly extracted from the River Severn downstream of several large conurbations, making it second or third hand, but the company's captive consumers will also be expected to pay for the expensive and needless adverts.

Up the Swany-ard

IN AUGUST 1990 the *Eye* accused Old Harrovian share-dealing spiv RAI Hamilton and his wife, Margarita, who is chairman and managing director of Swanyard Studios plc, of serious financial chicanery. Since then, RAI and Margarita have been lining their pockets and Swanyard has become insolvent.

Before it was launched as a public company in January 1988, recording studios Swanyard invoiced Light and Shade Records, a company controlled by relatives of Margarita, for £313,000-worth of studio time. Swanyard claimed that Alton Edwards, a Zimbabwean musician signed to Light and Shade, had spent many hours at Swanyard recording tracks for an album; and although Swanyard staff knew that Edwards had spent hardly any time in the studio, the amount was entered in the company's accounts as an item of contingent revenue.

RAI Hamilton eventually funded Light and Shade to meet Swanyard's invoices. This bogus transaction had the effect of swelling the revenue side of Swanyard's balance sheet prior to its flotation, which raised £1.8 million for the company. By coincidence, RAI Hamilton, who had previously been the chairman of Swanyard, was able to fund Light and Shade so as to meet the Swanyard invoices and allowed him to discharge his personal guarantees of Swanyard's indebtedness to its then bankers, Standard Chartered.

The department of trade and the serious fraud office (SFO) were alerted to this curious "deal that never was", but were deterred from investigating further when Alton Edwards signed an affidavit claiming he had indeed used £313,000-worth of studio time. Interestingly, Edwards has since been convicted of fraud and is serving a two-year sentence at Ernest Saunders's alma mater, Ford open prison.

Following the *Eye* story, Swanyard Studios plc and Margarita Hamilton issued libel proceedings against us. But after we served a strong defence to the action, based on statements from ex-Swanyard employees, the plaintiffs took the matter no further.

Since that time, much has happened in the lives of Swanyard Studios and the Hamiltons. In January 1993, staff salary cheques bounced and were finally paid by banker's drafts drawn on the NatWest; February's salaries were paid in tenners. Swanyard is now threatened with receivership, insolvent to the tune of £1 million.

It owes £700,000 to its current bankers Hill Samuel: £200,000 to the Inland Revenue: and £100,000 to its former auditors, Stoy Hayward. The group's only asset is the freehold site in Islington, which has been valued at £250,000 by a local agent.

What is more, Margarita Hamilton has been up to old tricks. Since Hill Samuel hold a debenture over Swanyard Studios plc, all revenue is meant to be paid into accounts held at Hill Samuel. Last year Dominic Miles, who ran Swanyard's music publishing subsidiary, renegotiated a couple of overseas advances on publishing licences, one from Japan worth US$40,000 and one from Germany worth DM125,000 (about £55,000). These advances were paid into a new account opened by Margarita in the name of Swanyard Music Ltd at the Islington branch of the Nationwide Building Society, while Miles was away on holiday. Margarita has also been caught sending out invoices from another company in which Swanyard owns a 50 per cent shareholding, Trident Sound Limited, for work that had in fact been undertaken by Swanyard. One client who had booked five days' studio time at Swanyard was invoiced (for around £3,500 plus VAT) by Trident Sound. Thus, instead of the monies being paid to Swanyard's bankers, Hill Samuel, they were being paid into a Trident Sound account with Barclays Bank. However, Hill Samuel were tipped off and have bought this curious arrangement to an end.

Another matter brought to the attention of Hill Samuel is the curious leasing arrangement which Swanyard has for its studio equipment. Swanyard leased back its studio equipment from a company called Ramogan, which is owned by Rick Wright of Pink Floyd, for £¾ million. There is a common link between Swanyard and the leasing company in the form of Swanyard's accountant, Martin Stainton, who is also Rick Wright's financial adviser. The extraordinary thing is that while the outstanding capital sum on the studio equipment is £780,000, a third party has had it independently valued at £285,000, thus suggesting that Rick Wright's security is worth rather less than he believes.

In the City

THE Scotland Yard investigation into certain allegations relating to the upcoming Polly Peck trial focuses on an interesting document which could create the impression that a $3.5 million payment might be made depending on the outcome of the trial.

Those most closely involved with this document include Bilge Nevzat (née Nadir) and a woman called Wendy who has had previous links to transactions concerning Polly Peck/Nadir assets.

It was the discovery of this possible agreement which precipitated the calling in of Scotland Yard to carry out an investigation independent of the existing Serious Fraud Office (SFO) probe.

It was also responsible for the mysterious, *unexplained* non-appearance at a Polly Peck pre-trial hearing in October of the trial judge Mr Justice Tucker. Exactly what, if any, connection the judge had with any of those involved is far from clear, if it exists at all. Nevertheless, the judge was considered a possible candidate for interview by Scotland Yard's serious crimes squad. However, why, given the "evidence", it should have been necessary to bother Mr Justice Tucker is hard to understand. Furthermore, both sides in the Polly Peck case have encouraged Tucker to continue, as any switch could result in substantial delay in the trial beyond its already highly tentative latest date of next September. Bilge Nevzat has been interviewed by the police, as has her brother Asil Nadir. They were released on police bail. It is understood they denied knowledge of any agreement, that the document had any connection with the trial or any wrongdoing.

After several months of police investigations, it is still far from clear whether the document is evidence of anything more than either a bid to extract money on false pretences or a sophisticated disinformation exercise. Creditors of Polly Peck and Asil Nadir, who is bankrupt, have also raised questions as to how such a sum could be found — a factor which queries the genuine nature of the supposed underlying agreement. The $3.5 million could only come through the sale or transfer of so far untraced or supposedly non-Nadir assets.

ALTHOUGH the Serious Fraud Office only last week revealed the existence of an arrest warrant for Donald Anderson, the former Goldcrest finance director has in fact been wanted since January when George Walker and Wilfred Aquilina were charged.

Anderson disappeared from Britain soon after he was notified that he was to be in receipt of a "section two" notice from the SFO to answer questions regarding the £7.5 million of Goldcrest money which disappeared from the film group in 1989. Walker and Aquilina face charges relating to this matter.

A New Zealander, Anderson was variously reported either in South Africa or on a yacht cruising the seven seas.

However, in recent weeks it has emerged that Anderson may have been in contact with the SFO regarding a possible deal and the likelihood of avoiding custody if he returns. Anderson is understood to be crucial to the prospect of further charges against another former Goldcrest director.

CHANGES ARE anticipated in the near future at the top of Scotland Yard's fraud squad. It is widely expected by his senior colleagues that Commander George Churchill-Coleman will soon be putting in his papers (though not his apron) and taking up a City post, perhaps with one of the high street banks.

The former long-time anti-terrorist branch chief was far from happy at the circumstances of his leaving that job — he read about it first in a Sunday newspaper. Since joining the fraud squad last autumn, he has been less than hyperactive in stamping his personality on the department, despite supposedly being there for up to a three-year stay. With most of his deputies either going or gone, it is anticipated that there will soon be a new man taking over, perhaps within six months.

AS READERS of the not so *Independent* are aware, their self-proclaimed stock market "guru" Jim Slater has made a self-denying covenant not to deal in the shares he recommends "within six weeks before or after any mention in this column".

How interesting (if not also appropriate), therefore, that on 1 April the tainted tipster should recommend a purchase of recent hot new issue Motor World, whose shares promptly soared from 257p to 277p. What is interesting is that Motor World shares only came to the stock market, via a placing of six million shares at 210p, on 4 February with dealings starting a week later. The price rocketed away from the off to more than 280p giving an instant profit for those fortunate enough to be on the placing list. Since then the shares had drifted lower.

It is no doubt entirely coincidental that "Changi Jim" actually began his *Independent* column on 11 February. It is also no doubt entirely coincidental that the six weeks close period from that date would have been reached on or after 25 March. Wouldn't it be a further coincidence if Jim just happened to be in Motor World, either at the placing price or soon after dealings started? If so, do the saintly *Independent* duo of editor Andreas Whittam Smith and business editor Christopher Huhne know — or care? Certainly their readers do not know, as one of the Slater conditions they accepted was that "Changi Jim" does not have to disclose whether he holds a share when he recommends it and if so when he bought, at what purchase price or in what size.

But Whittam Smith and Huhne should rightly be worried about a clear "leak" of the tainted tipster's previous tip, computer group Sage, ahead of publication in the *Independent* on 18 March.

That morning the *Daily Telegraph* market report contained the following elliptical paragraph: "It was being whispered in the darker corners of a few City bars that another sage, a prominent stock tipper, will be recommending the shares first thing this morning". As indeed he did, sending the price rocketing 34p. Obviously all right for some! No wonder the Slater column the following week was on April Fool's Day!

Meanwhile, further information has surfaced about the all-knowing guru's investment achievements across the Atlantic. Two unlisted American ventures with which he and/or his Canadian ex-broker associate Ian Watson have been associated were Global Media and Parentcare. Both have gone the way of so much Slater corporate flesh.

Global Media was set up in 1985 by American Tony Verna, producer of the satellite TV trans-Atlantic "Live Aid" mega-concert inspired by Bob Geldof to help Ethiopia. Watson was chairman of the Delaware company which operated from California. It was both to produce and market worldwide live telecasts and videos of similar major special events involving TV hook-ups via satellite around the globe.

Despite subsequent spectaculars such as "Sport Aid" in 1986 and "Prayer for World Peace", featuring the Pope, the following year, by 1988 Verna had gone and by January 1989 so too had Global Media, leaving shareholders out of pocket.

Parentcare was a video venture, this time aimed at children. The company was registered in Delaware in 1988. Slater is said to have persuaded none other than Polly Peck's Asil Nadir to become a big shareholder. Parentcare went out of business during 1991. Slater had invested £134,000 in Parentcare, a near 11 percent stake, through a private company called Inzone which he controlled. When Parentcare ceased trading the shares became worthless.

Add to Global Media and Parentcare the "success" of oil company Enercap (last *Eye*), which saw shares once worth $2.50 become worth effectively 1 cent for the pre-1990 1 for 25 shares capital reorganisation, while those who went in later at up to $2 "only" lost three quarters or so of their money, and it is somewhat hard to recognise Jim Slater as the "legendary stock market guru" the not-so-*Independent* proudly promotes.

'Slicker'

CLASSIFIED ADVERTISING RATES (INCLUDING 17½% VAT)

Regular style £1.40 a word.
Centred semi-displayed advertisements £3.00 a word.
Box numbers £7.50 each
(including forwarding of replies).

Send your advertisements with your name, address, telephone number and cheque or postal order (payable to **PRESSDRAM LTD** - no cash please) to PRIVATE EYE SMALLS, 6 Carlisle Street, London W1V 5RG. Also use this address to reply to box numbers. ACCESS, VISA or SWITCH cardholders may dictate advertisements on 071 734 6887 (24hrs) or Fax details on 071 437 0705. Submit advertisements to arrive at least 10 days before issue date. We regret there may be a delay before publication of EYE LOVE advertisements due to demand.

Send your advertisements to reach us by Tuesday 13th April for inclusion in the next issue.

FOR DISPLAY ADVERTISING:
071 437 4017

QUOTE

"But it was the Daleks I wanted to meet and, well, what a stuck-up bunch they were! When they read their lines they would open and close their fists to represent the opening and closing of the Dalek's eye — and they didn't smile while they were doing it! It was like being surrounded by demented Nazi tea trolleys. At lunchtime they sat by themselves and wouldn't talk to anybody else."

ALEXEI SAYLE
The Observer Magazine

NOT THE LIBERAL Democrats! The Liberal Party still fights for liberalism. For information write to: Dept PE, THE LIBERAL PARTY, 1A Pine Grove, Southport, PR9 9AQ. 'Phone 0704 500115.

GGWWF.

99% OF POLITICS is crap! Find out about the 1% that isn't. For free magazine, write: SOCIALIST STANDARD, FREEPOST, London SW4 7BR.

SPEECHWRITING — see MITCH MURRAY, Eye Help.

DR WHO, Daleks, Thunderbirds etc. Model kits and toys for grown-up kids. Also X-rated Japanese import kits. SAE to BBS (Models), PO Box 66, Scarborough, N. Yorks YO12 7YJ.

SPOOFS! — The ultimate collection of humorous, unbroadcastable (offensive?) radio commercials, on cassette. £6 — ENTERTAINMENT AND MEDIA, 1 Fountain Close, Hessle, HU13 0LB.

PRISON SWEATSHIRTS — authentic American chain gang sweatshirts, phone 071-278 6419.

DEAD RINGER. Telephone soundalike. The perfect diversion. Delayed action feature. £15 from WELWYN PRODUCTS LTD., PO Box 57, Welwyn AL6 0NA. (Enquiries 0438 840595).

ACE, DEUCE, JACK! A fast gambling game you'll win every time. £5 for details: DIPIX, POB 75, Sandwich, CT13 9RT.

T-SHIRTS screenprinted. 0736 66248.

CURRY/REAL ALE fans! Sail close to the "wind" with the Bradford Pad. Chuff in confidence with our novelty nappy for grown-ups. Adult after-dinner chuckles a certainty for £7.99 including P&P. NAUGHTY BITS, Ashbrook, Cogshall Lane, Comberbach, Cheshire.

101 GREAT DRINKING games. Hilarious fun-packed entertainment with this party drinking book. Only £5.50 including P&P. BREWERY PRODUCTS, PO Box 168, Leatherhead, Surrey KT22 8YJ. 0372 360510.

SMASH CLAYS in Surrey. Lessons/gift vouchers/corporate entertainment. STANHILL CLAYSPORTS, 0293-821741.

FRACTAL GRAPHIC prints, cards etc. Send SAE for catalogue to R. RAMSEY, 9 Andrews Drive, Stanley Common, Derby DE7 6GJ.

SUNG ANSA-PHONE messages. Personalised. £19.50. Examples: 0727 810453.

JAMES GILLRAY
Gillray caricatures —
quality replicas.
Coloured and plain.
From £25.
POB2967 W.Mids. B73 5QD
(021) 355 1915

BIRTHDAY/ANNIVERSARY due? Give someone an original newspaper the day they were born. £15.95. Freephone 0800-591009, 9am-10pm.

LUDICROUS ASTROLOGICAL T-shirts £5.99, Sweat Shirts £12.50. State size and star sign. MEGA SHIRTS, 18 Chatsworth Road, Manchester, M18 7AF.

BALLOON SAFARIS around London and South East. Gift vouchers etc. 0784 451007.

BALLOON FLIGHTS. For Easter Bunnies. £95. Hants/Surrey/Berks. 081-840 0108.

NAME A STAR for the one you love. International star registry allocates and registers name of your choice in USA & Switzerland. Fab gift pack includes splendid colour certificate inscribed in calligraphy and star chart pinpointing exact location. £40 inclusive. Access/Visa/Diners/Amex/cheque. Call Freephone 0800 212493 or write ISR, Freepost, 24 Highbury Grove, London N5 2BR.

GIFT CARICATURES. More interesting than underwear from Marks & Spencer! For free illustrated brochure: 0458 253290 (24 hours).

CARICATURES FROM PHOTOS. £18.00 0548-810468.

MADE TO MEASURE cartoons for your unique individual cards, invitations, anything. Sensible prices, refunds unless delighted. Free samples & prices Tel or Fax 0943-817850.

A "TITLE" for a tenner? Details to SA-SURVIVAL (P), Gayfield, Arbroath, Scotland, DD1 1QJ.

FLYING DUCKS, cops and robbers, etc. etc. Large 28p SAE for wall-plaque catalogue — INTO DESIGN, 28 Eastern Place, Brighton. (0273-606240). Access/Visa.

BIRTHDATE/ANNIVERSARY newspapers — FREEPHONE 0800-906609.

MARVIN HANGLIDER caricaturist and songwriter. 03727 43230.

RIGHT HAND MAN/confidential aide seeks interesting assignments. Loyal, discreet, diligent, honest. Wide commercial experience. Passport. Clean licence. UK/Worldwide. References. Box 0117.

ADAPTABLE MALE. Wide experience. Loyal and discreet. Everything consdiered for money. Box 9817.

WANTED: TABLE-STANDING hookah with large bowl and flexible mouthpiece. (0733) 260281.

AUTHOR SEEKS your magnificent obsessions which have dominated your life for good or ill. Please send brief details. 74 Long Lane, London EC1A 4ET.

BECOME PART of history — provide this uniquely talented painter with studio/living space. London West or North-West. JOSHUA WISKEY, 0438 816397.

WHERE CAN I FIND some NHS gold half-specs or frames? 071-794 2630.

REX MAKIN — interesting authentic information required. Box 9717.

RACING ENTHUSIAST, private handicap system, wishes contact with others. SAE details Box 11617.

ARMCHAIR TYCOON, incredible new home opportunity. £250,000 in 2 years. Unbelievable? Exciting! Details Box 0315.

RAISE £5K-100K without security. Learn how! Telephone JOHN BEESTON 0602-876873.

FIND OUT HOW to obtain and sell airline tickets. Call AIRBOUND TRAVEL 0533-629396.

SCREW THE BOOKMAKER every day with my unique, infallible staking plan. SAE to: R.J. REES, PO Box 989, Bournemouth BH1 1YP.

EARN OVER £2,000 per day! Import new UK specification cars from the EC. Act as an agent and start immediately without capital. Savings of up to £5,000+ on UK price. Split the saving with your customer and make £2,500+ for a day trip to the continent! Why work for a living? Manual containing detailed instructions, lists of contacts, dealers, prices and forms only £10 from MJM, Commercial House, Station Road, Bognor Regis, West Sussex, PO21 1QD.

YOU CAN EARN ££££'s fast in your spare time and pay off your mortgage years early with "The Mortgage Report". SAE to: FUTURE PLAN DIRECT, "Brambles", 3 Homer, Much Wenlock, Shropshire, TF13 6ND.

COMEDY WRITER seeks stand up comedian for collaboration. Phone 081 986 8278. Ask for N.D.

QUIZ CHALLENGE 100 questions — £750 first prize. Closing date 31/5/93. £5 to HUSON, 29 Caister Avenue, Sheffield S30 4ZN.

BEAT THOSE BILLS. A chance for serious extra income. Part-time/full-time. 071-790 2072.

REMEMBER!
Big discounts for a series of ads
6 ads 10% off!
12 ads 15% off!!
26 ads
20% off !!!

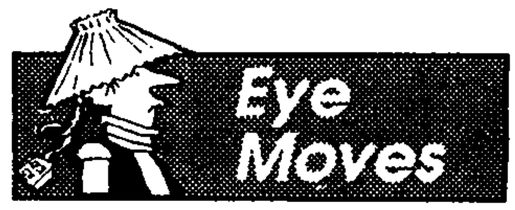
SECRETS REVEALED: How to legally obtain a second foreign passport. Up-to-date guide to international attorney, over 100 countries examined. Also, become a PT (perpetual traveller) and legally avoid taxes, governments and hassle. Discover the insider facts about Andorra/Gibraltar/Monaco/Campione/Switzerland. New cars! How to buy tax free. Become a legal tax exile. Send for free brochure to: SCOPE, Box 1868, 62 Murray Road, Waterlooville PO8 9JL, UK. Tel: 44 705 592255 (0705 UK) or Fax: 44 705 591975 (0705 UK). Advice that your accountants or lawyers wouldn't dare tell you — even if they knew. Please quote Box No when enquiring.

"EVERY MONEY MAKING Scheme Revealed". Read how to avoid the cons. Try out those which really work. £7.50 or SAE for details. SCOTT RUSSELL COMPUTER CENTRE, 11 Wellington St, Edinburgh, EH7 5EE.

FANTASTIC EARNINGS
Brilliant original moneymaking
without capital. Share our secret.
Box 9916.

NEIGHBOURS USED TO laugh at me, until I bought the new Mercedes! Discover the smart way to rob a bookmaker (not horse racing). Details, send sae to: WKP, 38 Stafford Road, Wallington, Surrey, SM6 9AA.

HIGHGATE pied-a-terre. Studio flat plus garage, wonderful views over Alexandra Palace, well maintained, excellent security. Offers around £58,000. Evenings 071-272 2086.



HAMMERSMITH REMOVALS and rubbish clearance. 071-602-3036.

LIGHT MOVES — anywhere anytime. 071-835 1574.

VICTORS VAN, 081 993 1930.

IRISH REMOVALS. Owner driver. UK—Ireland weekly. 0232-838111 anytime.

LONDON/BOURNEMOUTH via M3 corridor. 0202 731558 / 071 834 6045.

PAINLESS OFFICE move involving computers? Yes! Read "Move It!" £6.50 from PAEAN PUBLISHING, PO Box K13, HG5 8TN.

LEGAL HIGHS — Encyclopaedia of over 70 plants with a buzz. £7.50 or SAE for details: SIRIUS, PO Box 524, Reading, Berks RG1 3YZ.

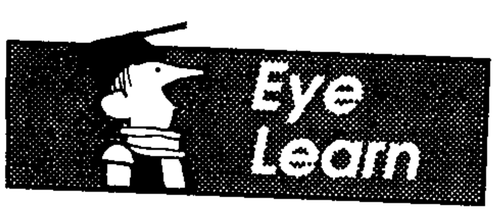
THOUSANDS OF PEOPLE are publishing for themselves — the DTP revolution hits Britain. Read all about, join it, do it *yourself*. The all-new 1993 Small Press Yearbook/Directory is now on sale £7.95 *+ £1 p&p*. Lists more than 4,000 small presses in Britain, plus pages of DIY advice and contacts! Tips galore! SMALL PRESS GROUP (PE), 20 Paul Street, Frome, BA11 1DX. Credit cards: 0373 451777.

ALIENS! UFOs! Recently declassified documents from USA. Presidential and FBI correspondence. Astounding detailed worldwide reports. £9.50 OM distribution. PO Box 2228, Clacton-on-Sea, Essex, CO15 1AQ.

CONTRAFLOW BOOKCLUB specialises in underground and controversial publications from "The Marijuana Grower's Guide" to "How to Get Lost and Start All Over Again". Our catalogue has to be seen to be believed. For more information about the club and how to join, send an SAE to PO Box 67, Bury St Edmunds, IP33 3BY. Over 18s only.

NEW YORK TIMES delivered London. Call 0225 833920.

GOVERNMENT AUCTION News. 071-734 8291/4.



FRENCH FOR business or travel by native teacher — Central London only — call 071-387 8503.

LEARN TO DRIVE courses. HIGHWAY HOLIDAYS. (0492) 531517.

WINE COURSES and tastings. Banish the mystique! Learn to taste and select. No selling, just fun and facts. Central London. 081-670 6885.

PHOTOGRAPHY WEEKEND workshops in York. 0904 671619.

LEARN TO DRIVE in 5 days and take your test at a Poole holiday resort. 0202 666001.

A PH.D IN positive thinking by mail. Open to all. Free details: LIFEWISH COLLEGE, 6 Springlawn Drive, Dublin 15, Ireland.

LEARN TO DRIVE in a week with ex-examiner. 0225 420352.

RUSSIAN, MOSCOW and St Petersburg. 081 544 1718.

LEARN TO FLY A GLIDER for just £435 or take a trial lesson for £32. (0295) 688151 for brochure.

PASS YOUR driving test in 5 days (Slough), £295. Tel 0628 603346 or 0860 431820.

BUFFETS & DINNER PARTIES
in your home or your office.
Wide selection of menus,
excellent references.
FRANCES TEMPLETON,
071-792 8359 (answerphone).

FOR SALE — rare opportunity to purchase established pub/restaurant in top French ski resort. For full details Tel: (01033) 79063288 or 79065245. Fax: 79065463.

FUTONS! QUALITY handmade sofabeds direct from our workshops. Delivery throughout the UK. Free brochure: FUTON DESIGN, 0223 290950. Unit 9, Randswood Farm, West Wratting, Cambridge CB1 5LR.

FAMOUS NAME top quality watches, 1 year guarantees. Free brochure 0827 68563.

ADULT COMPUTER images and erotic animations for PC/VGA screens. 081-544-0837.

QUALITY A4 photocopies by return of post. 100+ 4.5p, 1000+ 3p, 5000+ 2.5p. Double sided add 60%. Prices fully inclusive, send unlimited originals, CWO: J. RIDSDILL, 34 Bristol Street, Newport, Gwent, NP9 8DL (Recommended Service). Tel/Fax 0633 265824.

THIXOTROP SUPERGLUE. High performance adhesive gel bonds plastic, metal, rubber, etc, in seconds. Developed by the world's largest adhesives manufacturer for BMW, Opel and Volvo and now offered to the public. Thixotrop superglue does not run, and so it is safer, cleaner and less wasteful. The 20g tube can make or mend hundreds of joints. Indispensable for handbag, desk, kitchen drawer or glove compartment. Industrial list price £18.05. Introductory consumer price £5.50 P&P included. Cheques etc to ENBOND LTD, 4 The Dell, Oakham LE15 6JG or phone 0572 723898 (Visa, Access).

OLD PERSIAN rugs. Marquee sale (not auction) of hundreds of old Oriental rugs, carpets, runners, cushions on Kent country house lawns over weekend 1st, 2nd, 3rd May. Mostly £80-£2,500. Details, card from DESMOND NORTH, The Orchard, East Peckham, Kent. Tel. 0622 871353.

GROW-LIGHTS GROW any plant from seed to maturity indoors or in greenhouse all year round. Free brochure SUNLIGHT SYSTEMS (Dept PE), 3 St Mary's Works, Burnmoor Street, Leicester LE2 7JJ. Tel: 0533 470490/470488.

FREE WILDFLOWER catalogue. WILDSEEDS, Llandderfel, Gwynedd, LL23 7RF.

MICROMINIATURE transmitters for discreet surveillance. Works with ordinary radio. £14.95 Access/Visa 0273-203500 or cheque to BULL ELECTRONICS, 250 Portland Road, Hove, Sussex. Also similar device built inside a 13A adaptor! Works forever! £24.95.

Paying with Access or Visa? You must include the cardholder's address and signature.

GENUINE UNIVERSITY Doctorates: £149! No Study. No Fuss. Legal Title for Chequebook, Driving Licence, etc. Send full name and cheque to: EUI (P3), Redgrove House, 393 Lordship Lane, Dulwich, London, SE22 8JN.

STD PHONECODE Decoder. Authorised edition lists dialling codes in numerical order. Locate advertiser before making wasted phone calls! £3.50, 2 for £5. BWT (Dept P), 14-16 Borstal Street, Rochester, Kent, ME1 3HL.

TELEPHONE VOICE changer. Amuse and confuse your friends! Robot voice! Raise or lower pitch! Only £9.99. Cheques/POs to POWERFULL LIMITED, PO Box 1, Ashby-de-la-Zouch, Leics. LE65 1TX.

APOLOGY! Our prices bring tears to the eyes of our competitors. Although genuinely sorry, we can't help offering our customers the best hi-fi prices in the country, if not the world! RICHER SOUNDS, Freephone 0500 10 11 12 (24 hrs) for your FREE copy of our bargain-packed fun catalogue/price list.

DISCREET LISTENING and recording equipment, free catalogue, 021 411 1821.

ADULT VIDEOS, imported titles, most tastes, 0860 403691 — 0831 841405 anyday anytime.

LOGS DELIVERED. London. 10 sacks £55. 081-691 4984.

FLASHING CAR dashboard thief deterrent. Virtually everlasting, £9.99. SAE 4 details BETELEC (Dept F), 2 Well Street, Buckingham, MK18 1EW. 0280 822277.

DESIGNER-TYPE watches — be like a film-star for as little as £15. Ideal gift. Mail-order trade enquiries welcome. Phone for a catalogue: 0628 784611.

JAZZ FANS. Hasten to our Kings Cross shop or phone/fax/write for a free copy of our Jazz CD list. MOLE JAZZ (EYE), 291 Pentonville Road, London, N1 9NP. Tel 071 278 0703. Fax 071 833 1029.

COMPUTER/VIDEO/ Hand Held games, free price list 071 490 1708.

ANTIQUE TELEPHONES, intriguing selection, watertight guarantee, free illustrated literature. OTTERSWICK TELEPHONES, Edinburgh. 031 228 3690.

LAST 10 YEARS of Eyes. Almost complete. Offers? 071-733 5885.

EYES 33 TO 98, almost complete. Offers? 0422-379555 anytime.

JUKEBOX HIRE for parties. Delivered/collected. Choose from 950 hits 1950-1993. Prices from £95, also sales. 081-318 2852.

BLOODY BUSINESS! Get your business into perspective! Improve your future! SOUTHERN BUSINESS GROUP (Business results consultants) 0705 822314.

ATTENTION! REDUCE your phone bills? Call 081 424 9868 Ext 4909, 24 hrs.

SPEECHWRITING: Individually customised professional service. Corporate, social, political. Speedy and confidential. Make 'em laugh or no fee! Call the expert — MITCH MURRAY, 0624-622660. Access/Visa.

SECUREMAIL Accommodation Address. £1.80 weekly. Cheapest rates. MESSENGER, 4 Gurdon Rd, Colchester.

SLEUTHING as required. Foot slogging or de-bugging. SLEUTH & SONS, est. 1931. 081-742 8083.

ACCOMMODATION ADDRESS (Edinburgh), mail-holding service. 031-332 1904.

LONDON MARATHON. Got a place but unable to run because of injury, but don't want to disappoint your sponsors? Fit, keen ex-Army officer into heavy training will run in your name. Guaranteed to finish and do a reasonable time. Box 0217.

EXPERIENCED GP solicitor with network of specialist contacts now available for new clients. Box 0317.

MAILING ADDRESS £7.00 month private (Home Counties). 0707 326173.

BUSINESS IN trouble? For effective help, and a better night's sleep, ring GEORGE on 061 929 5034.

CVs
expertly compiled/updated.
Leaflet
0985 214670

JAPAN IS NOT a closed market. Small companies or workshops making high-quality consumer-goods who wish to export to Japan should contact WDN-HOLLAND, Tel. 31-20-647 1634, Fax 31-20-641 8075.

AFTER DINNER speaker. The Driving Instructor. Also available for TV and radio. 0202 666001. As seen on TV.

LIMITED COMPANIES: £90. Brochure: FREEFONE 0800 526421.

A CV IN 24 HOURS from £15. Call 081-878 8666.

BOOKS, THESES, articles, leaflets, CVs, posters beautifully produced WP/DTP and laser printer. (0892) 824238.

COMPUTER TROUBLE? Let a genuine PC expert help you with advice, installation, setup, programming and trouble-shooting — and save yourself some big headaches. Call TOBY on 071-229 3001 for friendly, professional advice.

ACCOMMODATION ADDRESS (Angel, Islington). Your name, our address. 071-833 3518.

AFTER DINNER speakers and sporting personalities available for corporate and other functions via reputable licensed agency. 051 639 9035.

AROMATHERAPY ESSENTIAL oils at trade prices. SAE for list. THE MAY TREE, Corn Exchange, Manchester M4 3BN.

TATTOO REMOVAL. Laserase offers the best available removal service. No operations, no scarring. For a free appointment call 081 986 3242. Treatment by doctors. London E11 1BN.

THINKING ABOUT psychotherapy? Talk it over without obligation. 071-624 4322.

IMPOTENCY — Avoid huge fees, time waste and embarrassment. Approved and clinically proven potency enhancer is now available at low cost by personal import. Info pack from HDC, 123 Westgate St, Gloucester, GL1 2PG or Tel: 0452 526759.

SMART DRUGS is the next step. Legal drugs that stimulate the mind and enhance the memory. For information send SAE to: HDC, 123 Westgate St, Gloucester, GL1 2PG or Tel: 0452 526759.

MINOXIDIL HAIR re-growth now available low cost by post. SAE for details to HDC, 123 Westgate St, Gloucester, GL1 2PG. For information pack telephone 0452 526759.

IMPOTENCE: treatment based on clinically proven techniques by a medically qualified practitioner. Simple, safe and private. Enquiries to: CENTRAL CLINIC, 139 Whitfield Street, W1. Tel: 071-387 8503.

LEATHER biker jackets and jeans. SAE: BBS, PO Box 66, Scarborough, N. Yorks YO12 7YJ.

WINE COURSES see "Eye Learn".

HELLO PETER PAN! Retired masonic policeman father 84 "nobbled". Corrupt trial. Defence witness ignored. Solicitors refuse appeal. Appeal Court say seven week over-run on both Draft and highly inaccurate Signed Stated Case "another matter". Actually "abuse of Powers of Court". Locus Suspect. Told cannot speak "outside Stated Case". MI5 manufacture Heathrow flight, missing Gatwick Strasbourg. Tracked by MI5 27 months. Constant harassment. Strasbourg ignoring 12 Human Rights violations (letter pulled?). Bird guns turnip fields. Day/Night. 1/2/3 every four minutes. Theft ignored. Electric interference. Mail, phone, fax interceptions? Evicted Tory area flat pre-Strasbourg one day's notice. Council refuse prosecution. Kirriemuir chattels disappear, property sold to secret buyer £2,000 below value. (Masonic favours? Tory agent?) Blockbuster book "Royal Bermuda Triangle" seeks isolated retreat. Part-time chauffeur (Rolls experience), cook, gardener? Future dirty trick burglaries? Use agent/friend's address only disclosing true details initial (agent/friend) meeting. Piss off MI5 ruthless bastards! Phone (from agent's address) 0745 353634 outfoxing GCHQ Cheltenham. Alternatively Box 10217.

ALMOST HOMELESS student desperately needs £375 deposit for flat. Genuine. Box 11717.

FINANCIALLY embarrassed young lady seeks help to clear debts. Box 11817.

SOMEBODY HELP me please! Unemployed and drowning in debt of £6,000. Box 0717.

THERE IS NO greater satisfaction than helping very sick children to get better. The MALCOLM SARGENT CANCER FUND FOR CHILDREN helps over 1,200 children and their families each year. Please help us to help them. MSCFC, 14 Abingdon Road, London W8 6AF.

LONDON TO New York, the other way round. (Europe, CIS, North America). I still require £7,235 to complete financing. If you're able to assist contact JAMES WEATHERALL, 081 965 4238.

£500 FOR VOLUNTARY worker's US placement. Sponsorship/donation. Box 0817.

LIFE DESTROYED by series of tragic accidents. Grateful for any help. My story sent in return for contributions. Box 0917.

£300 NEEDED to take ill child to see Eiffel Tower. Box 1017.

DESERTED MUM needs £3,000 to avoid eviction. God Bless. Box 1117.

GENUINE. YOUNG single mum, ex-nurse. Unable to work last eight years due to severe ME. Lost house, car, etc. Living in appalling conditions with young son. Donations for a fresh start please. Desperate. Box 1217.

YOUNG MAN, £18,000 debt. Absolutely anything considered. Donations welcome. Please help. Thank you. Box 1317.

MALE NEEDS £4,000 for computer course. Please help. Box 1417.

DESPERATE: BACKER drops out of W1 business at last moment. We need £40,000 immediately. Please help. Box 9917.

UNEMPLOYED GRADUATE needs £2,500 for scientific expedition. Box 10017.

WOODLAND NATURE reserve. £14,000 urgently needed to save 50 acre SSSI wood. Donations to WARWICKSHIRE WILDLIFE TRUST, Brandon Lane, Coventry CV3 3GW. SAE for details. This advert donated.

WATER MILL. It is increasingly apparent that our planet is sick. If we are to have a future, it must be working with nature, rather than exploiting it. If our experiments kill the patient there can be no autopsy for our children. For thousands of years man has survived, prospered and found the greatest contentment working with nature. We are not alience from the earth we stand upon, nor its energy. The wind, water and sun which nourish us. If we are to secure a future for our children however, poetry will not suffice. Practicality is required as never before. The restoration of Blennerhasset mill is rooted in practicality. We are not interested in creating yet another museum. We are interested in using whatever works to safeguard the future. Within ten years the mill will be an alternative energy inspiration station. With your financial help this can be achieved within three years. Donations are more than welcome, we desperately need your help. If you wish to invest in your children's future, help us to ensure that pollution is something they look back on, rather than choke upon. We're hard working, we're practical, we're serious and we're not embarrassed about loving the earth from which we spring. Join us. Contact ANDY, Box 10117. Keen volunteers are also required for the restoration. Free accommodation provided. Visitors welcome. This advert was paid for by Dave, a friend of the Mill.

DESERTED, SINGLE father, liable for ex's debts. Trying to keep family, job, home and self together. Needs £3,000 urgently. I know times are hard, but can anybody help us start again!?! Genuine!!! Box 0617.

YOUNG COUPLE in desperate financial difficulty. Please help. 071 431 6325.

UNWANTED AIRMILES needed for University charity project. Send to Box 0417.

ORDINARY BLOKE (previously ambitious) ravaged by recession and bad luck/judgement seeks £12,000 to pay non-productive debts. Repayable. Can you help Mr Bloom? Box 0517.

ELBRUS ASCENT — July 3rd-18th, 2 places left in small party. Further information: BOND: 0738 21859 (answerphone).

HANN OVERLAND LTD. Overland to Kathmandu from £1,050. Delhi by train. Tours in India. Trekking in Nepal. Specials in Madagascar, Iran and Tibet. Call 0883 744705.

NOT FOR MISS MARPLE
1920s supernatural/
murder/mystery weekends.
Expect action.
0272 425967

FORBIDDEN TRAVEL — enjoy the real magic of the African experience travelling in small parties in the comfort of modern Land Rovers. 27 weeks and 16 African countries. Tel: 0825 740484.

TRAVEL INSURANCE — low cost. 0252 877387.

HORSEBACK SAFARIS — The ultimate adventures of Botswana. View from the saddle the outstanding wildlife in the Okavango Delta or try your hand at fly fishing for the fighting tiger fish from a dugout canoe. Perhaps though you just might like to photograph the exotic birdlife and enjoy the tranquility of these last unspoilt horizons now, whilst you can. PJ and Barney, the professionals, do it all. Great base camps and fun people. African elephant safaris also arranged. Phone AEROSCOPE TRAVEL, 0608 51474 for more information.

BE UNFASHIONABLE! Discover a deserted island. Mallorca. Small friendly hotel would like to hear from somebody. Anybody. BOB: 0992 632167.

GREEK ISLANDS — Mykonos, Paros,, Antiparos, Naxos, los, Santorini, Sifnos, etc. "The best place in the world to take your clothes off!" SIMPLY SIMON HOLIDAYS 071-373 1933.

TRY GLIDING
Executive courses
for the discerning aviator.
Unlimited flying,
luxury accommodation.
One to one tuition.
Call TERRY JOINT
0256 381322

AFRICAN TRAILS: Overland camping safaris. 4-27 weeks. 081-742 7724.

ENJOY HIMACHAL PRADESH, Zanskar, Ladakh with CHANDERTAL TOURS: Trekking, mountain-biking, wildlife jeep safaris, riding, paragliding. Telephone 0323-646604. 10 Station Parade, Eastbourne.

ADULT DISNEYWORLD! Thailand and the Philippines — singles specials. Thailand, 12 nights from £549. Philippines, 12 nights from £749. For brochure, tel. 0481 823417.

Replying to a PRIVATE EYE Box Number?

Box No .....
PRIVATE EYE SMALL ADS
6 CARLISLE STREET
LONDON W1V 5RG

Address your reply like this.

FREE EUROPEAN vehicle recovery with 12 months worldwide travel insurance from £75 p.p. 0705 690518.

ASIA, AFRICA, South America overland expeditions. UK to Kathmandu, 9, 13 or 15 weeks. UK to Nairobi 20 weeks, to Harare 26 weeks. Nairobi to Harare 5 weeks. S. America 6 to 23 weeks. Turkey, M. East, Egypt 8 weeks. New colour brochure. DRAGOMAN (PE), 8 Camp Green, Debenham, Suffolk IP4 6LA. 0728 861133 (24 hours).

EXODUS EXPEDITIONS overland — Africa, Asia, South America, S.E. Asia, China, Russia — from 4-24 weeks. For brochures telephone: 081 673 0859.

SWITZERLAND, beautiful lakeside and mountain villages. Apartments, friendly hotels, self-drive or fly-drive. Telephone 0329 844405.

HEREFORDSHIRE, Golden Valley. B&B. 098123-341/645.

SAILING is therapeutic. Introductory weekend £75.00. Professional instructor. Solent 0983 855559.

ESCAPE in a horse-drawn caravan through the magnificent Irish countryside — contact us at 010 353 502 27048.

WHITEWATER RAFTING — join the ultimate adventure. Africa or Eastern Turkey. For brochure/video, contact ADRIFT, BCM Box 9147, London WC1N 3XX. Tel. 071 937 6752.

AFRICAN SAFARIS — 5 to 9 weeks from £425 to £895. 11-17 weeks trans-Africa travelling the Nile Route, departing 25th July — PHOENIX OVERLAND, 0533-626899.

STEP OFF THE EARTH for a while and see the English and Welsh countryside pass by at 4mph from a self-drive narrow-boat. 8 bases. Choice of routes. Novices welcome. Large fleet of luxury boats. Sleep 4-12. (0905) 610097.

AFRICA... the ultimate adventure holiday destination. With 20 years experience in Camping and Lodge basd Safaris, TRACKS is the African Specialist. Tours from 8 days to 18 weeks are featured in our new 1992/93 brochure. For your free copy contact TRACKS, 12 Abingdon Road, London W8 6AF. Tel: 071-937 3028.

FRENCH FARM — 0705 690518.

ALDERNEY, Channel Islands — peaceful, quiet, cliff walks, sandy beaches. Farm Court Guest House, B&B or self-catering. Ring 0481-822075 for details.

AFFORDABLE AFRICAN adventures 2½-26 weeks camping safaris, one seat given away free. For free brochure tel 0799 550352.

EXPLORER EXPEDITIONS, 6-27 weeks TransAfrica overland from £395-£1,495. Frequent departures. 9 week game park & gorillas £790. Telephone: 0633-257561 for brochure.

EXPLORE WORLDWIDE from Bhutan to Botswana, Turkey to Thailand... 130 small group exploratory tours, treks and expeditions. Free 80-page brochure. Tel: (0252) 344161 (24 hours).

COSY B&B, Wigmore, Herefordshire. Brochure 056886 451.

SAFARI CAMPING adventure holidays. See the well-known and more remote Africa — in close-up — over 50 different Adventures and Expeditions from the African Specialists. Colour brochure, telephone: 0373 827046 (24 hours). GUERBA EXPEDITIONS LTD, 101 Eden Vale Road, Westbury, BA13 3QX.

COTSWOLD GLIDING Club five-day holiday courses inclusive of all flying and instruction £225. Accommodation lists supplied. 0285 760415 for brochure.

BIGGIN HILL — the best! EYE FLY from Biggin — can you? Familiarisation flights from £40. CLASSAIR 0959 540495.

BEST FARES/ best value. USA, Africa, Europe. ABACUS TRAVEL, 2 The Arcade, Leys Avenue, Letchworth, Herts SG6 3ES. Tel. 0462 480680. Fax 0462 481697. ABTA.

SAVE MONEY for all your travel requirements 081-551 9050.

USA BEST Air Fares. Australia, New Zealand, Worldwide. MERIT TRAVEL, 79 High Street, London, SE25 6EA. Tel: 081-653 6514. ABTA.

FLIGHT OPTIONS. 0432 851062.

TRY US LAST. Worldwide destinations. ELITE TRAVEL, 091 234 0406.

LOW COST flights worldwide, e.g. Aust. £670 return. AIRBOUND TRAVEL 0533-629396.

WORLD WIDE economy flights. Specialising in USA, Australia, Africa, Europe & Far East. UNIWEST TRAVEL, 30 Friern Barnet Road, London N11 1NA. Tel: 081-361 5087/368 9544. Fax: 081-361 8498.

DISCOUNT FLIGHTS worldwide. 24hr, TOLLINGTON TRAVEL 071 272 8907.

IDYLLIC ORKNEY retreat, right on sea's edge — Viera Lodge, Rousay. Set in 10 acres; breathtaking views, walks and wildlife. Sleeps 8 comfortably. £250 pw. 071 580 9271 for details.

PROVENCE — LUXURIOUS mobile home, pools, 5 miles sea, available August. 081 891 1903.

BEAUTIFULLY SITUATED clifftop Edwardian holiday home — overlooks sea and sandy beaches on Cornwall's Roseland peninsula. Sleeps 8-plus. Some dates still available. Phone 042-482 404.

SUMMER in Somerset? Listed house in mystical Glastonbury's town centre, centrally-heated and cosy, with views across the Abbey grounds. Sleeps 3. Lets available all year. Telephone: 0234 211606 for brochure.

PENPALS WORLDWIDE for lasting friendships, maybe more. Details and sample photos free! HERMES, Box 110660/S, Berlin 11, Germany.

BEST SINGLES Magazine in the Universe. PERSON TO PERSON. Free details (PE4), PO Box 4, Goring-on-Thames, RG8 9DN.

WORLDWIDE INTRODUCTIONS UK. For our latest free singles magazine and details of our personal matching service write: DEPT P.I., 14 Weston Road, Colchester, Essex CO2 7LJ.

LOVEMATCH NATIONWIDE introductions. Confidential, discreet, caring matches made by a Chartered Psychologist. No interview needed. For free details write or phone: LOVEMATCH, Department NPE, FREEPOST CB 1173, Haddenham, Ely, Cambs CB6 3BR. Tel: 0353 740358.

"THIS PICTURE-DATING idea is brilliant." Capital Radio. Photo-introductions sent to you — a successful service for professional people. 071-839 8884 (day) or 081-297 1424 (any time).

MARGARET'S PEN CLUB — make new friends today. Age groups, 16-76. All areas, SAE details: PO Box 1, Prestwick, Ayrshire KA9 1RJ.

TREASURES OF SIAM. Thai Marriage Bureau, a professional and confidential service. PO Box 12, Stanley, DH9 9YZ.

ASIAN/EUROPEAN Introductions International. Leicester LE4 5LN. 0533 610266.

CONFIDENTIAL CONTACT service. Update your message anytime. Delete your message yourself instantly. Your own private code to listen to messages that others have left for you. Leave personal messages for others. International, Matchmaker and Suggestion Box services. Get in touch. Ring 0839 995 558 now. Costs 36p per min cheap rate, 48p per min all other times. GC PO Box 723 BS99 1GX.

MEET ZILLIONS of women at singles parties. 071 629 5534.

WORLDWIDE PENFRIENDS. Details from J. CROSBIE, 23 Mansefield, Grantshouse, Duns, Berwickshire TD11 3RN.

1000 PRETTY GIRLS worldwide seek friendship, romance, marriage. Ask for our Free Photobrochure! CORRESPONDENCE CLUB '70/PE, Box 8177, Rotterdam, Holland.

SERIOUS SEEKERS of spouses should contact the matchmaker "with old-fashioned commonsense and patient warmth" (London Magazine), KATHARINE ALLEN, 18 Thayer Street, London W1M 5LD. Tel. 071-935 3115.

TRANSYLVANIAN introductions. 1,000 beautiful, devoted, sophisticated Hungarian and Transylvanian ladies seeking romance and marriage. Please call for a free photo brochure. 071-581 8009.

OUTGOING, UNATTACHED men are sought to join our ladies at Kent-based dinner/house parties. Call DINNERMATES on 0892 524786.

RUSSIAN INTRODUCTIONS. Beautiful sincere professional English speaking ladies seek similar marriage-minded gentlemen. For details telephone 061 205 1205.

SIRIUS
The Intelligent Person's Introduction Agency
If you are intelligent, articulate
and well educated,
then we are
the introduction agency for you.
We are very selective
as we would
expect you to be,
we operate nationally
and our service is very different.
Call us or write for our brochure.
16 Clay Heyes, Chelford,
Cheshire SK11 9ST.
Tel: (0625) 860924 (24 Hours).

SOLO, PERSONAL introductions and exciting events for attractive articulate professional/business people. An upmarket personalised service. South East (Marden) 0892-730495.

EAST EUROPEAN Introductions. 450 charming Czech, Slovak and Ukrainian ladies, all featured on 3hr video, seek romance, marriage. Mem. fee £165 p.a. Tel. 0625 501214. 35 James Street, Macclesfield, Cheshire SK11 8BP.

FLOWERS OF THE EAST: The professional Thai Marriage Bureau. 1 Barn Cottages, Curtis Gardens, Dorking, Surrey RH4 1EG.

OLD VOLKS HOME requires inmates. We buy — sell — restore — VW Beetles. BROOKS OLD VOLKS HOME, Oakley Works, Chinnor, Oxon. 0844-353535.

CIVIL ENGINEER 37, working abroad, seeks lady 30-40 to share a week's leave 2 or 3 times a year travelling around Britain. Likes Michelin restaurants, pubs, long walks and laughter. Box 1717.

ESCULENT MALE graduate seeks esurient nymph (20-30) for Cambridge capers. Box 1817.

PRETTY SURREY female, 40, slim and fit, seeks tall attractive intelligent n/s man similarly trapped in lifeless marriage for warm romantic relationship. Photo essential (returned). Box 1917.

RESPECTABLE PRESENTABLE professional married man, 40, wishes to share excitement of secret daytime affair with lady in North East. Absolute confidentiality assured including reply. Box 3617.

PROFESSIONAL GENT, young 40, described by others as "charming", "intellectual", seeks soulmate. Likes countryside, log fires, books, current affairs. Marriage minded. Will you be the love of my life? Photo appreciated. Any area (will relocate). Box 3717.

TALL ROMANTIC male graduate (24, with teddybear) seeks intelligent, well spoken female (23-28) for theatre, cinema, dinner and rowing boat picnics. Photo appreciated. London/Herts. Box 3817.

MARRIED BUT LONELY lawyer (40) seeks discreet pretty woman 25 or under, object mutual satiation. Box 1517.

PROFESSIONAL MALE 31, based Kingston (Surrey). Active outdoor type with interest in travel. Successful, intelligent, caring. Seeks attractive petite 20s female equal to share adventures home and abroad, and quieter moments. Photo guarantees reply. Box 1617.

SUCCESSFUL MUSIC business entrepreneur (London) seeks warm, understanding female as friend and occasional confidential assistant. Photo, plus phone number or SAE please. Box 8015.

ALLURING BACHELOR seeks intellectual foreplay, witty after-play, and passion between. (NE region). Box 2017.

PROFESSIONAL WOMAN, 51, tall, slim, zest for life, SoH, likes arts, travel, food, conviviality, seeks Guardian-reading gentleman of wit and character. South/West. Box 2117.

HAIRY ARSED n/s 41yo S/E builder seeks slimmish lady 30-40+? to start major rebuild Manchester. Box 2217.

PROFESSIONAL FEMALE, 35, Asian, single, wants to meet unattached professional Asian male, 35/40, London, to share good things in life. Box 2317.

LONDON LECTURER, forties, five-foot brunette with youngster, seeks realistic second-time love offering space, respect and decency. Intellectual interests plus pubs, restaurants, discos and bed. Box 2417.

MALE, 31, journalist, tall, attractive, seeks intelligent female interesting in conversation, classical music, cricket (?) and the odd bottle of wine. London. Photo appreciated. Box 2517.

TWO PROFESSIONAL City females seek tall male counterparts (30s) for bullish evenings out. Box 2617.

ATTRACTIVE MALE, 41, PhD, 6ft, slim, unpretentious, relaxed, humorous, affectionate, introspective, quietish, masterful. Seeks intelligent, pretty, feminine female (W. London). Box 2717.

TALL, DARK, notbadsome 30s (attached) humorous, seeks Lipmans/Lambtons. Discreetly mixing memory and desire. (Yorks). Box 2817.

VERY ATTRACTIVE man aged 26, emotionally wrecked by previous encounter is looking for woman of similar age and appearance who is committed to feminist issues, to rescue me from this island of desolation. London/South-East. Box 2917.

EX-JUMP JOCKEY wants racy rides. Yorks. Box 3017.

GOOD LOOKING businessman, 43, single, seeks younger attractive female for fun and frolics. Photo appreciated. Bristol, West Midlands. Box 3117.

LONDON CAN BE lonely. Married man (41) seeks companion for dinner, cinema etc. Reply guaranteed. Box 3217.

ANGUS DEAYTON where are you ONO? Late 30s educated successful multilingual francophile exiled to Scotland from Europe, looking for life and laughter as... we know it. Box 3317.

PROFESSIONAL MALE 41, Middle East based, seeks bored housewife for afternoon liaison, lunch and fun, during UK vacation. Photo appreciated. ALA. Hants, West Sussex, London. Box 3417.

WEALTHY MALE, 37, intelligent, told I am good looking, is now free from a traditional marriage and wishes to meet an attractive female to join him in defying society's conventions by creating a relationship where she has the career orientated, primary, dominant role and he has the domestic, secondary responsibilities. This is a serious advert and funds are immediately available for home and business creation to facilitate this relationship. If you feel that you would find fulfillment within this scenario then please write including your telephone number — South West, London, anywhere. Box 3517.

JANET SEEKS JOHN, Tom or Harry for picnics in Cheshire. Must be 30-50, sincere and unattached and like cuddles, my cooking and eventually me! I am blonde, slim, attractive and normal. Box 3917.

SENSUOUS PROFESSIONAL male (44) seeks foxy lady for fun. London. Box 4017.

SINGLE WOMAN 27 slim attractive seeks mature reliable gentleman for possible marriage. Photo please. Box 4117.

YUPPIE FEMALE, 28, GSoH, attractive, smoker seeks similar male for friendship/romance. No married men, divorcees or Kevins. Photo please. ALA. Hampshire/London. Box 4217.

YOUNG MALE 36, vegetarian, bilingual, surprisingly honest, sometimes stubborn, seeks close relationship with understanding girl. Box 4317.

BORING, BROKE bastard (24) seeks fit rich bitch to see what arises. Photo, cash and SAE appreciated. Box 4417.

KISSING FROGS? Active n/s, '32 veteran, seeks lady doubles partner, TDUDP? Hertfordshire. Box 4517.

More than one Box Number reply? Write the numbers on each envelope and put them all in a larger envelope addressed to us marked "BOX NUMBER REPLIES"

HORATIO SEEKS EMMA (if you get the drift). All despatches answered by 36 year old captain of industry with Byronic tendencies seeking wanton but discreet long-term affair. NE/SW/anywhere. Box 5717.

SVELTE OXBRIDGE graduate (32) music-lover, seeks cultured professional man 36+ with SoH, for sweet, serious romance. (No bores please.) Box 5817.

SERIOUS CITY exec by day, wild, wacky temptress by night, seeks hedonistic professional to eat, drink and be merry, etc. with. Central London. Box 4817.

MARRIED MAN, 39, artiulate, caring, SoH, discreet, seeks lady for affair and friendship. London area. Box 4917.

CALLING ALL wonderful women! Help nice bloke (26) explore London's sights and sounds. Box 5017.

ATTRACTIVE, VIVACIOUS female graduate, 40, seeks male companion to share enjoyment of life; humour, tennis, walking, dining, travel, cinema. London, Cambs, anywhere. Box 5117.

PRETTY, WITTY, London company director, pushing 44, committed to older dependent husband, seeks light relief of discreet flirtation, serious shop talk, silly romantic gestures. Prefer intellect and charm to a Chippendale. No beards, socialists or sports fanatics. Box 5217.

MALE, LATE 30s, needs sugar mum. Wine me, dine me, show me the world or parts of suburbia. Box 5317.

GOOD LOOKING 40s lady (Mrs R. type) requires young/youngish male (graduate type) for fun, adventure and who knows? Exchange photos. Notts. Box 5417.

MR BEAN seeks Princess for pea-in-pod situation. Box 5517.

ENGLISH WOMAN, 42, seeks American man over 40 for no-strings brief encounter. Cotswolds. Box 5617.

PROFESSIONAL MALE, 37 (Cheshire) seeks attractive lady (25-35) for walks, food, films. Photo secures reply. Box 8517.

SMALL ATTRACTIVE working mum, 30, seeks play/soulmate, 25-35, for unpretentious fun. Devon/Cornwall. Preferably fit and solvent. Box 8617.

EAST HERTS MALE, 34, happily single, successful, humorous, decent looking, relaxed attitude, no nasty habits, looking for attractive independent young lady who likes the finer things in life (including me). Box 8717.

M23 IN LEEDS, tall, very slim, with blue eyes. Seeks local female diversion of similar age. Photo please. Box 8917.

PRETTY WOMAN, 33, charming, kind-hearted, perceptive, confident, funny and vulnerable, likes cinema, travel, books and is not averse to healthy living, seeks single man 32-42 who is sunny, astute, warm, incorrigible, witty and unpretentious, for serious relationship. Alex Ashworth please apply. Box 9017.

BORED? THIS SOLVENT brown Londoner 33 seeks lady for fun weekend. Box 9117.

PRIVATE EYE SMALLS, 6 CARLISLE STREET, LONDON W1V 5RG
Queries and Credit Card dictated advertisements: 071 734 6887
Fax: 071 437 0705

PLEASE WRITE YOUR ADVERTISEMENT HERE:

(use separate sheet if necessary)

YOUR NAME, ADDRESS AND TELEPHONE NUMBER (this information is confidential):

NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

_____

_____

SEND YOUR ADVERTISEMENT TO ARRIVE AT LEAST 10 DAYS BEFORE PUBLICATION DATE WITH PAYMENT (CHEQUE/POSTAL ORDERS PAYABLE TO **PRESSDRAM LTD**), ACCESS, VISA, SWITCH. PLEASE DO NOT SEND CASH.

IF YOU ARE PAYING WITH ACCESS, VISA OR SWITCH WRITE THE NUMBER HERE:

SWITCH CARD ISSUE NUMBER : ☐ EXPIRY DATE: ☐☐☐☐

CARDHOLDER'S SIGNATURE : _____

CARDHOLDER'S NAME & ADDRESS (IF DIFFERENT FROM ABOVE):

_____

_____

_____

ADVERTISING RATES

- ☐ LINEAGE STYLE: £1.40 PER WORD
- ☐ SEMI-DISPLAY STYLE: £3.00 PER WORD
- ☐ ALLOCATION OF BOX NUMBER: £7.50

VAT INCLUSIVE (RECEIPT ON REQUEST)

SERIES DISCOUNTS

- ☐ 6 ADVERTISEMENTS 10% OFF
- ☐ 12 ADVERTISEMENTS 15% OFF
- ☐ 26 (1YEAR) ADVERTISEMENTS 20% OFF

WRITE YOUR NAME & ADDRESS ON THE BACK OF YOUR CHEQUE

TALL PROFESSIONAL male, 29, seeks intelligent sincere non-smoking lady for mutual improvement in quality of life. Worcs, Warks, West Midlands preferred. Box 6217.

TENOR, 43, in a flat marriage seeks soprano in a similar position for a harmonious affair, East Anglia. Box 6317.

LOVE'S LABOUR lost! Wherefore art thou? Vivacious, attractive, hard working, sporty, London lady, 40+, would like to meet happy, active, cultured gentleman. Box 6417.

TAYSIDE — PROFESSIONAL male (27) seeks petite young woman to liven up his social life and prevent transformation into couch potato. Box 6517.

MALE, 1966 MODEL, reliable, no previous owners, suitable for weekend runabouts, bodywork needs attention by careful lady owner, 21-30. North Wales ONO. Box 6617.

MALE, 26, EVANGELICAL Christian, music lover (all types, especially opera), graduate, well-travelled, n/s, seeks partner, 21-30, to share life with. London and SE. Photo appreciated. Box 6717.

BLANCHE AT 39 wants man friend for fun and TLC. Midlands. Box 6817.

BEAUTIFUL, CLEVER, elegant but funky darkhaired blue-eyed woman seeks stylish witty affectionate London man (40-55-ish) for sparkle. Box 6917.

YORKSHIRE MAN, professional, 30, handsome, seeks elegant female. Interested in outdoor life, travel, art and good conversation. Box 7017.

ATTRACTIVE, SENSITIVE and caring successful business man, 34, married but celibate, would like to meet woman who can re-ignite passion and romance with a view to long term discreet affair. Photo/phone essential. Central and S. East London. Box 7117.

SINGLE NORFOLK gent, 45, keeps fit, loves countryside, riding, fishing, shooting. Good job, nice cottage seeks attractive lady with similar tastes. Box 7217.

ATTRACTIVE BRUNETTE Antipodienne (25), London-based City slave and bored with brainless beach bums, seeks warm, happy and intelligent bloke 28-35. Come on, prove you exist! Box 7317.

HANDSOME MALE would like to meet beautiful lady 20-35 for mutual pleasure. Box 7417.

TOWN AND COUNTRY loving successful man, 43, many friends but lacking a partner to challenge him and contribute to an improved quality of life. Interests include antiques, food, travel and the sea. Suffolk and London. Box 7517.

CONTINENTAL AKADEMIC, healthy 65, needs independent rational lively feminine companion. Box 7617.

PROFESSIONAL NORTHERN lady (23) seeks public school educated gentleman (25-35) for fun and romance. Must have old-fashioned values schoolboy humour essential! Photo please. Box 7717.

BUSINESSMAN, 45, single, solvent, silly, educated, cultured, seeks independent female 35+ with sense of adventure and capacity for stimulating sensual relationshipo. Box 7817.

PROFESSIONAL MAN, Cambridge educated, 48, wide interests, seeks attractive, intelligent, sexy lady for fun, travel, romance. London/Midlands. Box 7917.

ATTRACTIVE PROFESSIONAL male, young 40, married but missing excitement in life, wishes to meet interesting and vivacious lady for stimulating conversation, candlelit dinners and discreet but passionate affair. London area. Box 8017.

SMALL, PLUMP, pretty, middle-aged, right-wing, local politician seeks intelligent amusing middle-aged male. Box 8117.

WITTY WARM female, 24, thinking Christian, likes music, pubs, seeks happy intelligent man. Oxford. Box 8217.

OBLOMOV SEEKS Olga. Box 8317.

HAPPY WITH YOURSELF but just not found the right man? I'm 37, successful, kind and fun to be with. I am looking for a slim, pretty, sensuous girl, under 32, with sense of humour to share my life, two dogs and a house in the country, south of London. If you enjoy a mix of hectic social life combined with music, wine and latenight firelight, please send photo/phone number to Box 8817.

ANARCHIST TEACHER, 36, seeks sensual relationship with uninhibited woman. Kent, London, anywhere. Box 8417.

STUNNING, STYLISH, disillusioned blonde, 30s, seeks loving, successful man who wants togetherness forever. Photo please. Box 9217.

MAN, 35, SEEKS woman who shares a desire for a lazier more convivial world for walks, contemplation, companionship. (W. Yorks.) Box 9317.

HARASSED HACK, 22, seeks understanding woman (SW). Box 9417.

THE SEARCH continues: appreciative male, 40+ in years, possessing prestige vehicles and residences to complement career-minded Naomi Campbell lookalike at England's finest social gatherings as well as quiet blissful evenigs in. Love possible but not compulsory. Notts. Box 9517.

MALE NEEDS lady's luxurious flat Central London to stay occasional weekdays, reciprocate weekends in country. Box 10317.

MALE, 32, TALL, slim, SoH, seeks petite female for fun and friendship. Thames Valley area. Box 10517.

"The main reason why I am renewing my subscription is that I will be getting married on June 5th to a lady that had the courage to advertise in your lonely hearts column"

LET'S BOLDLY GO... Captain Kirk (28) seeks Lieutenant Uhura (25-35) for journey into another dimension. How stunning is your phaser? Beam up photo and personal details. Box 4617.

MAN WITH LIGHTBULB head (26) seeks luminous rose, Oxford area. Box 4717.

ATTRACTIVE SLIM professional male (40) seeks slim attractive woman for gentle, easy going, affectionate, funny and sexy times. Photo appreciated. Box 5917.

HANDSOME ROMANTIC male, tall athletic young 40, seeks attractive sophisticated lady for relationship. Box 6017.

OXFORD DON, 28, single seeks female to share love of arts, great outdoors and the good things in life. Box 6117.

Eye Soldier

ARE YOU ARMY/ Navy/RAF? Funloving, sporty, attractive expatriate female, 26, would like to correspond with serviceman 20s/30s with view to meet later. Box 9617.

CUDDLY MERCHANT NAVY officer, 32, requires wife. Box 6616.

OPENING LINES

How Does It Work?

Your advertisement appears in Private Eye together with your own Opening Lines Telephone number.

Readers see your ad, dial your number and listen to your recorded greeting. If they like what they hear, they can record a message for you, there and then, which you and only you, can listen to later.

If you want your own Opening Lines number, simply write out a short advertisement (up to 20 words), then call our operators on 081 466 4048 and dictate it to them. Remember to have your Access, Visa or Switch card details handy.

If you simply want to reply to an advertiser, just dial the telephone number shown in your chosen advertisement and leave your details after the tone.

For a full explanation of the service, just dial 0839 512 333.

VIVACIOUS AND SENSITIVE professional woman, 63, seeks stylish and entertaining co star for act 2 beginners. Please call my agent. Ring 0839 514884

SPECIAL GIRL WANTED, for interesting nights and fun weekends, by this friendly, relaxed, forty something male, based London/South Coast. Must be 20-40, intelligent and interesting. Ring 0839 514167

HANDSOME DIRECTOR, 40, cultured, sensual, fit, 5ft 10ins, into skiing, horses, diving, arts, humour, seeks very attractive, fun, non-smoking female, for loving, serious relationship. Ring 0839 514206

LADY, 44, TALL, SLIM, fairish hair, would love to meet a tall, strong, tough and tender man for permanent relationship. North London area. Ring 0839 514734

ATTRACTIVE, WARM, CLASSY, wasted, Westcountry lady (mid 40s) seeks 5ft 10in+, attractive, trim, affluent-ish, unattached, nonsmoking, graduate male companion, 45/55, for shared expenses tropical holiday/forever! Ring 0839 514543

PROFESSIONAL MALE, Central London, 42, 6ft tall, slim, fit, n/s, enjoys tennis, cinema, France etc. Seeks tall female, 25-35, with sense of humour. Ring 0839 514706

MODERN, JEWISH, LIVELY, attractive female, 39, divorcee, with child. I am a very warm, caring, tactile person, missing being hugged/held, seeking similar N/O guy, with style and pizazz. Ring 0839 514741

ATTRACTIVE, PROFESSIONAL MALE, youthful 40, fit, kind, sensitive, good fun, into theatre, cinema, travel, countryside, great cook, seeks attractive, outgoing female, 30-40 for relationship. Ring 0839 514542

WHITE FEMALE, 37, 5ft 4in, medium build, quite attractive, seeks male, 35-45, who must be solvent and have a sense of humour. Ring 0839 514641

I AM AN ATTRACTIVE 34 year old lady, honest, sincere & romantic, I like music, travelling, pubs and cinema, looking for a romantic, sincere, good looking guy, 34-39, for a serious relationship. Ring 0839 514755

ATTRACTIVE GOOD LOOKING male, 32, single, 6ft 1in, athletic build, articulate, well dressed, own business. Seeks attractive lady to share the finer things in life. Ring 0839 514095

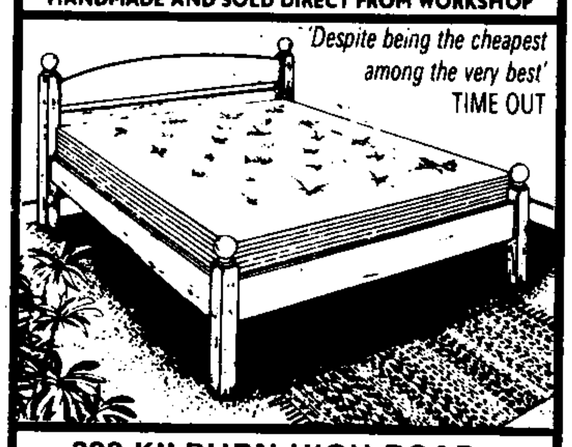
BEAUTIFUL BLACK LADY, 5ft 7ins, 30, committed, affectionate, honest seeks solvent handsome gent 30-45 who can give love and devotion. Ring 0839 514992

GENUINELY CARING 5ft 8in, long blonde haired, green-eyed student, looking for that certain person to wine, dine and make her laugh, who is over 25. Ring 0839 514981

Opening Lines advertisements cost £35 for 20 words.
To place you own advertisement call -
081 466 4048
and our operators will take your advertisement, any time day or night.
Calls are charged at 36p per minute cheap rate and 48p per minute at all other times.
Paravox Ltd KT12 1AL

TAURUS PINE BEDS

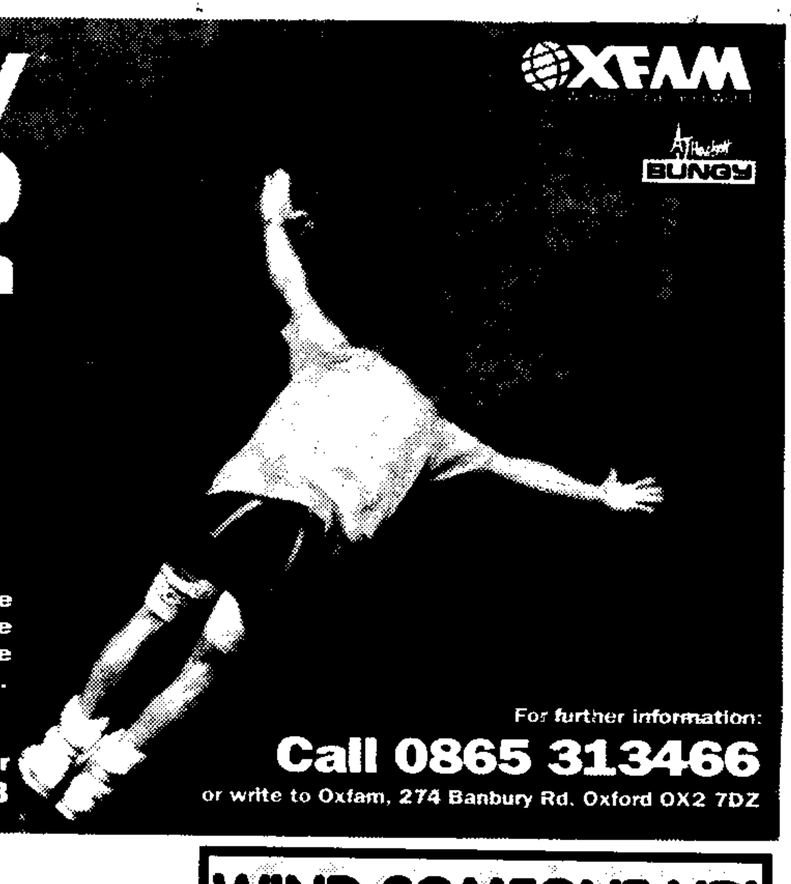
HANDMADE AND SOLD DIRECT FROM WORKSHOP



'Despite being the cheapest among the very best' TIME OUT

333 KILBURN HIGH ROAD, LONDON NW6
OPEN: MONDAY-SATURDAY 10am-6pm
FREE BROCHURE: 071-624 3024

Bungy Jump For Oxfam



A special weekend package to France – jumping in the safest environment with the best professional guidance.

Now taking bookings for April to October 1993

For further information:
Call 0865 313466
or write to Oxfam, 274 Banbury Rd, Oxford OX2 7DZ

PRIVATE EYE BACKNUMBERS

BACKNUMBERS
BACKNUMBERS
BACKNUMBERS
BACKNUMBERS
BACKNUMBERS
BACKNUMBERS
BACKNUMBERS

Mortimer House,
230 Lavender Hill,
London SW11 1LE.

Full details on 071-228 0425

WIND SOMEONE UP!

WITH BRITAIN'S ORIGINAL ANGRY MAN

MR. BATES

SET UP THE PERFECT PRACTICAL JOKE! !
CALL
0891 600 581

CALL INTO THE COMIC STORE!

CHOOSE FROM...BILLY CONNELLY, BEN ELTON, LENNY HENRY, SMITH & JONES + MANY MORE!
0891 600 222

CABLECOM NO 1 ON THE 'PHONE
35 HAY'S MEWS LONDON, W1X 7RQ
CALLS COST 36p/MIN CHEAP, 48p/MIN ALL OTHER TIMES

FUTON EXPRESS

Double Sofa-Beds from **£99**

Colour Brochure

23/27 Pancras Road, London NW1 2QB
Tel: 071-833 3945 10am-6pm Mon-Sat
Fast U.K. Del or Cash n' Carry

Surveillance

An Extension Of The **EYE**

Solve those problems that stand between you ... and what you need to see & hear

CCL 081-968 0227

CARTOON ORIGINALS

Cartoons that have appeared in *Private Eye* may be purchased directly from the artists. Write to them by name — where decipherable — at *Private Eye*, 6 Carlisle Street, London W1.

QUICK, NEAT AND EASY!

PRIVATE EYE BINDERS

Each binder holds 26 issues – a year's worth – and is attractively bound in dark blue with the PRIVATE EYE logo in white on the spine.

The UK price is now £7.50 including postage, packing and VAT. For overseas orders please add 70p.

WHY NOT PLACE YOUR ORDER NOW?

Send the completed order form below with your remittance to: Private Eye Binders, Mortimer House, 230 Lavender Hill, London SW11. Telephone 071 228 0425

ORDER FORM

I enclose PO/cheque value £ ..... for .... Private Eye binders *or*

please charge ☐ ACCESS ☐ VISA Card expires: ___/___

Card number:

NAME .....

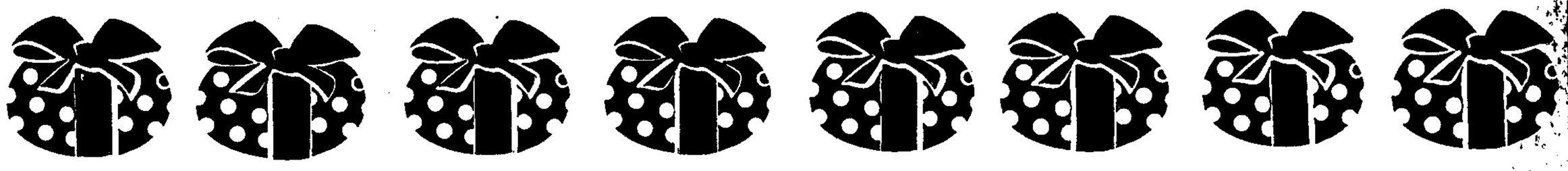
ADDRESS.....

..... DATE.....

Please print and use the postcode

PRIVATE EYE

No. 817
Friday
9 April '93



SUBSCRIBE FOR EASTER!

It's only £15 for a whole year and so easy with

DIAL-A-SUB

Just phone 071 228 0425 with your credit card details and leave the rest to us.

STOP PRESS!!

SUBSCRIBERS' COPIES ARE NOW SENT BY 1ST CLASS POST — SO HURRY

Alternatively use the order form below.

To: **Private Eye Subscriptions**, Mortimer House, 230/ 236 Lavender Hill, London SW11 1LE.
I enclose £15* (cheques payable to Private Eye).

Name of NEW SUBSCRIBER .....

Address .....

..... (please print & use the postcode)

or Debit my ACCESS/VISA Number ..... Expiry date .....

Name of CARDHOLDER (if different) .....

Address .....

.....

..... (please print & use the postcode)

*UK rate, for overseas rates see page 3

Published by Pressdram Ltd, 6 Carlisle St, London W1V 5RG. 071-437 4017. Printed by East End Offset Ltd, Empson St, London E3 3LT. Distributed by P.E. Distribution, Mortimer Hse, 230/236 Lavender Hill, London SW11 1LE. 071-223 9871